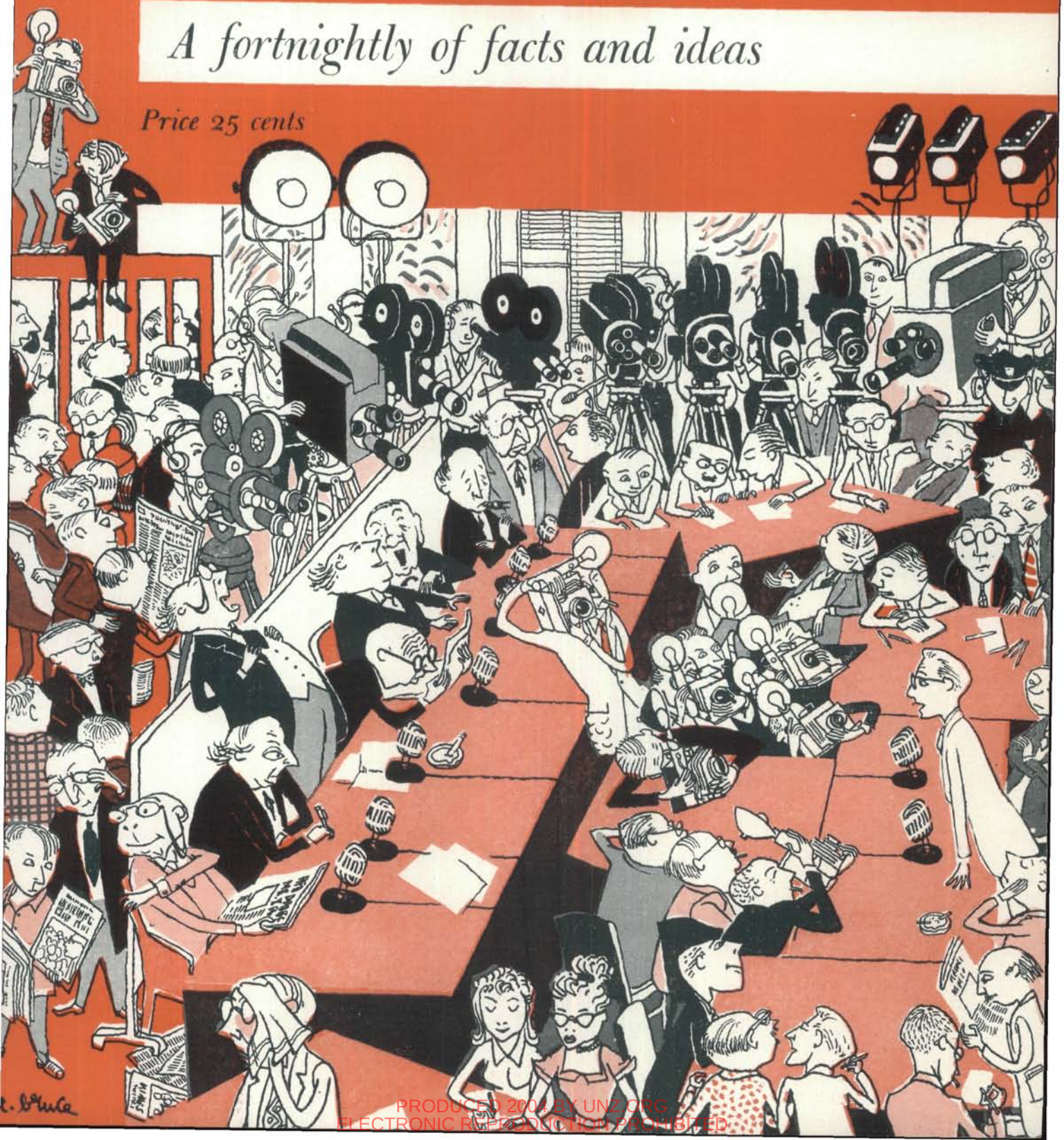
August 30, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

Price 25 cents



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The Strain on Our Liberties

In this issue, we measure *the strain on our liberties.* How is it that so many Americans are panicky about Communism now, and how is it that some Americans fell more or less desperately in love with Communism in the 1930's? And why is it that now, in a sort of perverted isolationism, so many prefer to fight the shadow of Communism in America rather than its reality and its causes abroad? The answer seems to be that we reached awareness of our world position through a series of staggering jolts, and now have something resembling a siege mentality.

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Photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum

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Editorial, Advertising and Circulation Offices
220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Editorial

The Strain on Our Liberties

Intermittently, since the end of the war, uneasiness and apprehension have come over the country, like chills that start and stop and leave a sickly feeling. They affect with particular intensity some strategic groups in the nation: policymakers, educators, the religious and racial "minorities" (a strange expression in a country made up entirely of minorities). The most apparent characteristics are fear of subversion, and, at the same time, fear of the methods used to combat subversion. This condition could hardly be called a major illness, but it is serious enough to deserve attention and treatment. Each of its recurring attacks has one peculiar feature: It invariably disturbs the thinking apparatus of the country, the educational system.

There was obviously something wrong in the 1930's if the dimly-seen features of foreign revolutions could appear so tempting to a number of young Americans that they began to dabble in political revolt. And there is certainly something wrong now if the long-delayed revelations of these dabblings can give the country the sort of shock that only immediate danger could justify. Since the end of the war, the formerly isolated and largely isolationist American people have had the sense of being surrounded. As our knowledge of what is happening in the outside world has increased, we have learned to look at the map, and we now know how comparatively small a section of the world is still ruled by democratic institutions. From the feeling of being surrounded, we can easily develop what may be called a siege psychology.

The people and their leaders are, of course, anti-Communist. Yet too many people and too many leaders prefer to chase the shadow of Communism in America rather than to work to remove its causes abroad. The most striking feature of the anti-Communist crusade at home is the awkwardness of its methods and the inaccuracy of its aim. The blows almost invariably fall far from the target, wounding or harassing the bystanders and the public at large. This poor markmanship seems to be the common feature of the present-day investigations, inquiries, and hunts. It is so poor, in fact, that it often appears deliberate.

Sometimes it seems that some of the investigators are more malicious than they themselves know. An attack upon an alleged traitor may give the attacker, as a sort of unearned increment, the satisfaction of getting even with old enemies. A man under investigation may or may not be guilty of mismanagement or disloyalty, but he is fair game anyway if he comes from the wrong set.

Yet there is no reason to attribute any unusual degree of malice to the most notorious of the investigators. There is no Great Inquisitor among them, just run-of-the-mill politicians, catapulted into temporary fame by a moderate knack for publicity, or by seniority rule. It will be difficult, when history is written, to label this phase of American life with the name of any one man—a singular evidence of how scarce both heroes and villains have become on our national scene.

This condition of tension, the confused exchange of charges and countercharges, awakens the old loathsome antagonism against such religious groups as the Jews and Catholics. The leaders of these groups have a right to be apprehensive, and sometimes then can be driven by their apprehensions to take the most regrettable stands. Recently a prince of the Catholic Church accused a woman publicly of having behaved in a way unworthy of an American mother. This is a striking evidence of how anger and the fear of hostility can upset a most eminent man. For the Catholic Church, more than any other of the great religions of mankind, has exalted the worthiness of motherhood as a universal and not a national virtue.

Perhaps the nation has not yet had time to absorb the shock of coming into greatness. Actually, there has not been one shock but a series, staggered over a period of time, each one convincing a new group of Americans that the United States could not escape playing a great role. The liberal and left-wing leaders were perhaps among the first, because of Hitler; then the intellectuals at large, because of Spain. And then there was the revelation of Munich, which shook every American who was in the least interested in politics. Yet all those things, and the fall of France, and the attack on Russia, were not enough: Pearl Harbor had to come.

After the end of the war there was a new and dif-

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ferent series of shocks. The notion that we were engaged in a total conflict short of war with Soviet Russia reached the various groups and categories of the American people in different ways, at different times. Before certain elementary measures, like the Marshall Plan, could be adopted by Congress, the government had to play upon the popular anger at Vishinsky's or Molotov's antics. Unfortunately, wisdom can hardly be reached through hysteria.

The racial, religious, or occupational groups that make America have come to recognize that the traditional American policies toward war and peace and the outside world have to be altered radically. Yet sometimes the feeling of isolation, of being besieged by unknown and unfriendly forces, percolates down from the nation as a whole to some of the racial or religious groups.

Of course, none of this is new. But the nation's position with respect to the rest of the world is new.

If a master mind created this uneasiness, there would be no doubt that his ultimate aim was to disrupt the educational system of the country. He would be the arch-enemy of intellectuals, the sworn enemy of learning. Luckily, on this ground, we can start seeing the politicians' attacks on education in their right perspective, if only we separate what belongs to politics from what belongs to education.

The political community has a perfect right to impose burdens and restrictions on those who are organized to overthrow its order. Should they succeed in gaining power, they would not merely acquire a number of jobs through patronage. They would own us. If their gain could be so great, it stands to reason that society must make them pay a very high price for the gamble they take. Society is entitled to impose a price as high as the traffic can bear, but the price must never be so high that public authority cannot succeed in making its collections, which would happen if the rebels were forced completely underground. Let us not lose sight of the fact that in our kind of democratic order the price of political dissent is never even remotely as prohibitive as it is in a totalitarian state.

All this belongs to the hard realm of politics, or, as it used to be called, of the temporal. In this realm, the community has every right to defend itself against reckless political adventurers.

But in our western civilization there is and there has always been another realm: the realm of the spiritual. At every instant a child is born. That child has to be brought up to re-experience, to relive, as much as he can, what mankind experienced and lived through before he was born. The child has to be lifted to the level of our times, so that he will be ready for what our times may demand of him. He must receive the fullest possible knowledge of our system of values, but our system of values cannot be imposed on him. In the climactic phase of his education—and the more so the greater his capacities are—he must be in condition to probe the worth of our beliefs. He must even be free, if he pays the price, to follow some of the byways of unorthodoxy and subversion.

Ultimately, the function of education is not to teach but to test democracy. Communism can be taught, but not democracy. The political or temporal powers of society have the right to see that academic chairs are not used as soapboxes, just as the educators themselves have the duty to see that no one is admitted to their trade who does not know his job. But once these elementary precautions are taken, the restless, unconventional minds should be left undisturbed to do their work of experimenting and probing. They may be teachers or they may be students. Democracy is maintained not by people who have memorized the catechism of political freedom, but by those who have reached the belief in freedom and have learned to fight for it.

Perhaps one thing that is wrong with our country is that we haven't enough odd, unconventional minds in our academic and intellectual world. Certainly, in this crisis of national growth, there is no better way to bring the disturbances to an end than by applying once more the time-honored separation between the temporal and the spiritual. It is the old unto-Caesar principle upon which the political system of the West is founded. Our elected officials—Caesars for two years, or four, or six—must have adequate power to defend the community. They must also know where to stop. —M. A.

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The Case of Alger Hiss

It hasn't much to do with perjury or even with the defendant; at the bar of public passion the ghosts of the New Deal are on trial

Two trials were conducted at the same time in the same courtroom: one against Alger Hiss, indicted for perjury; the other against the ghost of liberalism in the 1930's. The first was a judicial trial, following the rules of law; in the second, emotions imposed *their* rules of evidence. Retroactive passions and present-day fears made the case of Alger Hiss a simultaneous, double-feature performance. Men and women stood in line for hours outside Judge Samuel Kaufman's courtroom, munching sandwiches out of paper bags, waiting for the doors to open, while other men and women reached hungrily for the bold headlines, fretfully expecting some fantastic disclosure, as if at any moment new pumpkins stocked with new stores of secrets might be discovered somewhere.

A lawsuit is always a theatrical ceremony, a ritualistic public re-enactment of the felony to allow the sentinels of justice, who were caught off guard when the crime was committed, belatedly to demonstrate their power. A trial, like a good tragedy, purges the emotions, first by this re-enactment, then by the punishment of guilt. In this particular trial, emotions were not purged, but fanned.

In Judge Kaufman's court practically everybody—the defendant, the main witnesses, the lawyers—overacted, each of them truer to type than life ever seems willing to permit. It was as if all the leading characters had worked so hard at rehearsal that, at the moment of actual performance, their words sounded strained and improbable. As in a play conceived by a pedantic and slightly obsessed playwright, virtue could not be so virtuous, nor vice so vicious, nor forensic rhetoric so rhetorical.

The spectators' minds were alternately absorbed by the trial and wandering away from it, trying to figure out from what was said the things that were left unsaid. Some people—mostly inveterate haters of the New Deal—had long since conducted their own

Chambers

trial according to a fairly uniform pattern. They passionately took the prosecution's contention for indisputable fact: Not only was Alger Hiss guilty, but so was the whole group to which he belonged. According to these people, the case was clinched, because, in their opinion, there had always been connivance between what they considered the eternal enemy, Soviet Russia, and at least a large number of New Dealers. The trial was better than guilt by association: It was at the same time the forcible establishment of the association and the proclamation of its guilt.

In their over-rehearsed, over-played performance, the main actors were remarkable. Lloyd Paul Stryker was always at the center of the stage—the strutting, sneering, posturing defense attorney. His opponent, Assistant United States Attorney Thomas Murphy, provided the perfect contrast as the mighty-muscled, walrus-mustached vaudeville cop, persevering but not too bright. Alger Hiss was the ever-courteous and smiling Eagle Scout whose shining virtue had been called into question; Whittaker Chambers, the mysterious man-of-a-thousand-faces, appeared this time as the homespun dairy farmer. A comparable performance was given by nearly everybody who came to the bar—all the supporting actors, the bit players, and the Greek chorus of celebrities who chanted an affirmation of the integrity of their Orestes, who was still pursued by the Furies of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

The plot of the drama was obscure. Alger Hiss was not charged with espionage—the Statute of Limitations ruled that out; he was accused of lying when he said he was not a spy. Specifically, he was charged with having committed perjury on December 15, 1948, before a Grand Jury, when he denied having furnished restricted State Department documents to Whittaker Chambers—a denial that Hiss had made dozens of times previously and continues to make. For good measure, he was also indicted on a second perjury count for saying that he had not seen Whittaker Chambers after January 1, 1937; this was in effect a repetition of the first count, since the Bill of Particulars that went with it cited the specific times Hiss saw Cham-

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bers as the occasions when he allegedly delivered the papers during the first three months of 1938.

The evidence that the prosecution brought forward consisted mainly of the testimony of Whittaker Chambers. A plump, jowly man with graying hair, who wore a black suit and a black tie, Chambers was self-conscious but deadly earnest. His deep voice was cracked, tired, almost inaudible as he told his version of the facts.

Supporting Chambers's testimony were the films of State Department documents he had pulled out of a pumpkin on his farm last December, almost certainly typed on a Woodstock typewriter that once belonged to Hiss.

That was all of the directly relevant evidence introduced against Hiss at the court of justice. At the court of emotions, all those who had already found Alger Hiss guilty of treason looked for different evidence. Wasn't there a clear connection between giving state documents to a Russian colonel in a Brooklyn movie theater and, a few years later, accompanying President Roosevelt to Yalta?

The curse of overstating and overacting was shared by both sides. Mrs. Chambers, who had nothing to contribute directly about the issues in the case, was put on the stand to show that considerable intimacy had existed between the Hisses and the Chamberses. Mrs. Chambers, like Shakespeare's Mistress Quickly, had the gift of total recall. She was a stark little woman playing a parlor game, trying to recall the pattern on some wallpaper she had seen fourteen years earlier and proudly fetching up the fact that "Mrs. Hiss doesn't like ice cream." Unfortunately for her husband and Mr. Murphy, some of her recollections contradicted certain other evidence and even her own previous testimony. About all she really proved was her unfaltering loyalty to Mr. Chambers. Asked whether some of her husband's actions were inconsistent with "decent citizenship," Mrs. Chambers, who always wore a big black hat, stiffened angrily, pointed her finger dramatically toward the heavens, and made the pronouncement: "I resent that—my husband *is* a decent citizen—and a great man!" At this point there was muffled, uneasy laughter from the audience.

Mr. Murphy marched a platoon of FBI agents into the courtroom to support parts of the narrative. These men—to whom Stryker referred contemptuously as "FBI's"—were notable for their standardized physical appearance and their uniformly excessive politeness. Stryker lit into the "FBI's" as if they were public enemies, trying to imply that they had threatened violence and offered bribes to the witnesses. It was their exhaustive research, he insinuated, that had provided both Mr. and Mrs. Chambers with the substance of their testimony about the Hiss household. Murphy complained disconsolately, "It's open season on the FBI."

Hiss

The testimony of Henry Julian Wadleigh was singular. Corroborating Chambers's testimony about him, Wadleigh very blandly described, with impeccable diction, the part he had played in the espionage work, confident that the Statute of Limitations protected him. Here was a tasty tidbit for the ghouls, full substantiation of their claims about flirtations and even assignations between the bright young men of the New Deal and the minions of international Communism. But Wadleigh, of course, yielded himself too easily; the pack wanted a victim who, like Hiss, would fight. Wadleigh slipped almost unnoticed into the virtuous garment of an anti-Communist and went his way in peace, deriving considerable self-esteem for having done his bit to aid justice, as well as royalties for a serialized account of his salvation in the New York *Post*.

No one could ever surpass Lloyd Paul Stryker in overacting. The robust, rosy-cheeked barrister was after every last drop of sympathy for the handsome defendant, who looks—or looked—much younger than his forty-four years. Hiss wore glasses the first day, but never after that; the strategists must have decided he looked more boyish without them.

With disgust dripping from his rich voice, Stryker tried to build up an emotional horror towards Chambers, the man he called a "moral leper." Stryker's insistence that Chambers had failed to follow the dictates of middle-class morality all his life got very tiresome as the days wore on. Among the prejudicial evidence brought in against Chambers were the facts that he flunked geometry in high school, that he did not return some books he had borrowed from the Columbia University Library, that he lived for a while with a woman to whom he was not married, and that his grandmother was a little addled.

Of course, the main thing against Chambers was his admitted former allegiance to the dark power of Communism. Stryker leaped on that: "If I knew he had engaged in a criminal conspiracy over a period of years—*to tear down that flag*—I wouldn't believe him no matter if the FBI erected a stack of Bibles as high as the building and he swore on it."

Chambers admitted that in his testimony on Hiss, before Congress and the Grand Jury, he had perjured himself nine times. But even some of the facts he insisted upon remained dubious. One such was the matter of a trip to Peterboro, New Hampshire. Chambers testified that Mr. and Mrs. Hiss drove him in their car to visit the late Harry Dexter White at Peterboro early in August, 1937. He remembered that they stayed at an inn called Bleak House, which belonged to Professor Samuel Morrison of Harvard, and that they had attended a summer stock production of "She Stoops to Conquer" the evening of August 10. All the details were clear in his mind.

The defense lit into this story. They presented Mrs. Lucy E. Davis, the operator of Bleak House, who said that no trio resembling the Hisses and Chambers had registered at Bleak House during the early part of August,

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1937, and that she always insisted most particularly that every guest register. Mr. J. Kellogg-Smith, proprietor of a children's camp at Chestertown, Maryland, where Hiss's stepson, Timothy Hobson, used to spend the summer, testified that Hiss was at the camp every day of the first two weeks of August, 1937, taking care of his stepson, who had broken his leg. The fact that Harry Dexter White is now dead was made to seem suspiciously convenient for Chambers. Even the FBI was unable to support Chambers's story. If Chambers fabricated the Peterboro trip, might he not have fabricated the whole accusation?

In Anglo-Saxon law, the defendant is not required to prove his innocence. The prosecution must prove his guilt. But it certainly helps if the defendant is able to offer a plausible explanation of the situation. Hiss's staff had no plausible explanation of one very important point: the travels of the Woodstock typewriter. Raymond Sylvester Catlett, who worked for the Hisses as a yard boy in the 1930's, testified that Mrs. Hiss had given him the famous Woodstock some months before the papers could have been typed by anyone, and that the machine thereafter stayed in his house. No one suggested that Mr. Catlett had done the typing, and the prosecution tried instead to show that the defense witness's memory may have been faulty, and that he might have received the machine after the documents were typed. None of this, of course, is proof that Hiss *did* have the typewriter, certainly not proof that he did the typing and gave the papers to Chambers.

Hiss's defense decided to question Chambers's fitness to accuse, rather than to insist coldly that under our law a defendant's guilt must be proved. It would be an understatement to say that by the time Stryker began to make his summation to the jury, he had exhausted the usefulness of this technique. In identifying Alger Hiss with Home, Mother, and the Flag, and gasping at the depravity he claimed to see in Whittaker Chambers, Stryker temporarily deafened the ears that might have detected insincerity in Chambers's testimony. In his summation, Stryker hammered the matter of "reasonable doubt" to a meaningless pulp, and sidestepped the damaging circumstantial evidence against Hiss. All he said was, "Whether these documents were on that typewriter, I don't care," and, "Where, when, and how he [Chambers] got them [the papers]—I don't know." His reluctance to provide any remotely tenable hypothesis made one wonder if such speculation had been forbidden by Alger Hiss, for one reason or another. Eight of the jurors interpreted this reluctance as a sign of the defendant's guilt, but the other four must have felt that even an innocent man might have his reasons for simply denying the charge and saying no more. Among these reasons there might have been the conviction that the law was on his side.

Murphy's summation was a masterpiece. He pretended to offer a rational alternative to Stryker's spellbinding, but what he really did was to gather up all the emotional forces that Stryker had set in motion and turn them against the defendant. This was a rare feat for Murphy, after his uninspired performance during the rest of the trial, but like his brother, "Fireman Johnny" Murphy, who used to be a relief pitcher for the Yankees, Thomas Murphy was capable of a good showing in the late innings. He summed up the evidence that supported Chambers's story: (1) Chambers had in his possession copies of State Department documents; (2) the dates of the documents all fall in the first three months of 1938; (3) all except one of the papers were copied on the Woodstock. How did Chambers get them, Murphy demanded, if Alger Hiss hadn't furnished, transmitted, and delivered them?

Stryker

Judge Kaufman, a meticulously dressed man who displayed an increasingly grave look as the trial progressed, has been criticized for showing partiality to the defense. He did, it is true, sustain many of the defense's objections, but that might be explained by the fact that Stryker, who has been trying cases a few decades longer than Murphy, may know the law a little better, as well as by the fact that the defense is traditionally given the benefit of the doubt in criminal cases.

Judge Kaufman's principal mistake was his insistence on behaving as if he were presiding over a lawsuit in which only ascertainable facts, not opinions and passions, were to be considered. One of the things he said that his critics may or may not see fit to hold against him was: "Circumstantial evidence, to be sufficient in this case, must not be merely consistent with the guilt of the defendant; it must be inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of innocence." He also explained the perjury laws: To convict there must be two witnesses or one witness and independent corroboration.

Perhaps he thought there was only one trial at his bar, the trial of Alger Hiss for perjury, and that he was the presiding officer of that trial. He was the only one of the performers who did not overact. Even the jurors, as soon as they decided that they could reach no decision, felt that at last the time had come to have their say, and several of them did not hesitate to share with the press their opinions about how a judge should behave and about how a

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Kaufman and Murphy

trial ought, ideally, to be conducted.

There is an intermission now, for the emotions need a rest in the torrid summer of 1949. But Attorney General Tom Clark has announced that the trial will be resumed in the fall, when the docket of the District Court is less crowded.

Will it be the second trial of Alger Hiss for perjury, or the next act of this great public drama—The Case of Alger Hiss? For the two things are far from identical: Indeed the relationship between them becomes more and more remote. This invariably happens whenever a case in a court of law becomes the object of public passion. The guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus or of Sacco and Vanzetti came to have little significance in *L'Affaire Dreyfus* or the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Alger Hiss will have to go to court, and of course attend all of the sessions dedicated to him. But at the same time the case that bears his name is more and more removed from him. In the people's minds the image of Alger Hiss is already as depersonalized as a rogues' gallery picture. Little attention has been paid to the two contradictory positions this young man has held: General Counsel of the Nye Committee—the farthest point that isolationism has ever reached—and Secretary General of the San Francisco Conference—the summit of militant internationalism.

The Hiss case, started by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as part of a general attack on New Dealers, has now, because of its morbid features, caught the public imagination. It has been, one must admit, a striking success for the committee. The case does not need to be inflated now by new revelations from former Communist couriers. The excitement of the public is enough to keep it going. The case will carry itself along—with a live man attached.

Actually, neither Alger Hiss nor the New Deal is on trial, but justice. The ritual of justice cannot be exposed to tests like this one. The trial of law is designed to settle individual cases and is always centered on the individual who is to be proved innocent or guilty. It can never try a crowd or a mob. It cannot work when the aroused imagination or the passion of the crowd overflows in the court. Justice, the blindfolded goddess, cannot be exposed to the bellowing of the mob. Perhaps the members of the hung jury felt something like this in their tired bones while lingering around the courtroom, like students still keyed up after an examination, on the night of Friday, July 8.

Will it then start over again? Are we going to see again the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Alger Hiss? Perhaps Mrs. Whittaker Chambers, in the fall or winter, will not wear the same big black hat. Mrs. Alger Hiss may or may not wear the same white gloves. All of us will once again talk for hours and hours, passionately and inconclusively, about Hiss and Chambers and the Woodstock typewriter. The same nightmarish orgy of gossip will start over again, so that once more large masses of decent, normal men and women will talk and feel with the frenzy of a mob.

Or perhaps there is something we can do about it. Each one of us could refuse to be drawn into the mob. The newspapers and the radio would render a unique public service to the nation if they would give a minimum and inconspicuous coverage to the second Hiss trial. We don't need to hear again about Whittaker Chambers's teeth, or the wallpaper and decorations in the various Georgetown houses in which the Hisses lived at various times. We can look at something else, talk of someone other than the unfortunate, worn-out protagonists of this case, Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker Chambers, and Mr. and Mrs. Alger Hiss. —R. K. B., M. A.

Nine instances of conflicting testimony were charged up to Alger Hiss yesterday by Thomas F. Murphy, Assistant United States Attorney . . . From William R. Conklin's story in the New York *Times,* Tuesday, June 28, 1949.

Alger Hiss, testifying in his own defense against a perjury indictment, stuck to his story yesterday through four hours of cross-examination in United States District Court. Assistant United States Attorney Thomas F. Murphy was unable to draw from Mr. Hiss any statement inconsistent with what he had told Chief Defense Counsel Lloyd Paul Stryker . . . From John Chabot Smith's story in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Tuesday, June 28, 1949.

"Whether they knew it or not, the interest that drew them there was purely psychological—the expectation of some essential disclosure as to the strength, the power, the horror, of human emotions. Naturally nothing of the kind could be disclosed. The examination . . . was beating futilely round the well-known fact, and the play of questions upon it was as instructive as the tapping with a hammer on an iron box, were the object to find out what's inside. However, an official inquiry could not be any other thing. Its object was not the fundamental why, but the superficial how, of this affair." —Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*

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Two Degrees Left of Hoover

Many students in the 1930's dabbled with Communism but few stuck to it; the people, though poor and desperate, never considered changing the system

A casual perusal of the headlines in recent months would lead one to believe that during the 1930's a sizable number of intelligent young Americans went all the way over to the left politically. Actually, in that decade as in this, most college students were more interested in football than in politics. The difference is that in the 1930's liberal students were louder and surer than they are today; the issues were fresher and cleaner; the evils—depression, war, and fascism—were easier to isolate and stood out blacker; the remedies were more obvious.

At the second convention of the American Youth Congress in 1935, delegates representing more than a thousand groups, from the Catholic Youth Organization to the Young Communist League, proclaimed:

"Today our lives are threatened by war; our liberties by reactionary legislation; and our right to happiness remains illusory in a world of insecurity. We have a right to life! Yet we are threatened by wars prepared by those who profit by destruction. We have a right to happiness. We want to work, to produce, to build, but millions are forced to be idle. . . . We look at this country of ours. We love it dearly; we are its flesh and marrow. . . . Because we know it so well, we know it could be a haven of peace, security, and abundance for all."

It wasn't such a haven, decided the Congress, because of the activities of men from the mighty counting houses, "jaundiced by the color of the gold they hoard." It was as simple as that.

Everywhere, the enemies were easy to spot: Japan in Manchuria; Mussolini in Ethiopia; and later Hitler in the Rhineland; Franco, and again Hitler and Mussolini, in Spain; Americans in Nicaragua and Haiti. It was not hard to choose sides; the college liberal didn't need a printed program to tell the names and motives of the players.

While Sir Samuel Hoare and Pierre Laval temporized at Geneva and Cordell Hull never went near the place, Maxim Litvinov of the Soviet Union said what American liberals wanted to hear. Of all countries, the Soviet Union, and of all diplomats, Litvinov, seemed the most peace-loving. (Litvinov's and Russia's reputation as foes of fascist aggression both lasted until 1939.)

The issues of economic security and civil rights at home were no more difficult to figure out. The young people in 1935 had grown up in a world of vast and deadening depression. The big industrialists, many decided easily, were responsible for the fact that people were out of work. Occasionally, the powerful few made an amiable gesture—like adding empty boxcars to freight trains for the nation's hundreds of thousands of hoboes to ride on. But most of the time they thwarted every effort of the poor to better themselves. When the workers at the Ford plant tried to organize a labor union, Harry Bennett, the elder Henry Ford's specialist in strikebreaking, sent squads of armed thugs against them.

If justice wasn't to be found on the picket line, it appeared to be missing in the courts too. The American Youth Congress complained that "the nine old men have become alien to us," and attacked the judges who had sentenced Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro Boys, whose case John Dos Passos had called an "attempted legal lynching."

These were some of the liberal causes of the 1930's. If a man was a liberal, there was only one side he could take. The evidence was in the streets, the papers, and the newsreels. It was transmitted and embellished by the nation's most eloquent writers. Edmund Wilson, for instance, wrote of the strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts: "The power . . . behind those great brick blocks . . . is driving the people inside little by little to their last heelless pair of shoes, to their last bag of stale bread, to their last fresh flicker of strength in the morning."

The young men and women who decided to do something about conditions like these were not worried about who their allies were. Their allies, and some of their leaders, were Communists; but this is not to say that the young liberals were all Communists. They were simply prepared to accept Communist help in fighting depression, war, and fascism. Nowadays, the problem is not so simple; the liberals, once deceived, are no longer so loud or so sure.

—R. K. B.

Not into Temptation

The summer of 1932 was the time we parked the old Chevrolet downtown one Saturday, and somebody stole a week-end's groceries from it. There were a leg of lamb, a layer cake, and a lot of other things in the shoulder-high sack, worth $2.50. You couldn't find it in your heart to blame the thief much.

Roosevelt and Hoover started their campaigns. The bonus army marched on Washington, while apple sellers stood on the street corners. A creeping blight spread over the country—layoffs, wage cuts, sinking prices, fear.

Norman Thomas got 884,781 votes that fall, mostly from disillusioned in-

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tellectuals and dispirited idealists who thought Roosevelt sounded like a remodeled Hoover. But the Thomas votes were hardly revolutionary.

The drought years were starting. When the winter closed in, cattle died for lack of feed. I went up to write the story, and I remember still the uniform bleakness that marked the faces of the farmers, the faces of the starving cattle, and the dull Nebraska landscape. You didn't find anger, bitterness, recrimination. Nobody was brandishing a pitchfork against capitalism. It was as if both land and men had given up.

With the Roosevelt Administration came the fireside chats, the "hundred days," the bills flowing in a steady stream from White House to Capitol, "reflation," the National Recovery Administration, and the talk of a commodity dollar. Despite the manufactured good cheer, things didn't improve as fast as we pretended.

Nostrums sprang up like mushrooms in wet soil. Old Dr. Townsend came from California with an army of senior citizens sublimely confident of ham and eggs. Upton Sinclair wrote *EPIC* (End Poverty in California), a fantastic blueprint for peaceful socialism in one state. Father Coughlin talked about silver, Gerald L. K. Smith carried the banner of Huey Long (EVERY MAN A KING), and a Congressman from North Dakota, William Lemke, tried to revive Populism.

One of the nostrums, of course, was Russian Communism. It's strange, now, to think how calmly we viewed Communism then, when there might have been more reason to fear it than now, at the peak of postwar American power. Communism was a remote abstraction to almost all of us. If we tried to imagine a revolutionary coup taking over our town, the fantasy proved too unreal. Shock brigades storming the City Hall, saboteurs wrecking the powerhouse on the riverbank, barricades thrown across the streets between department stores that advertised white-goods sales? It was too much.

Nineteen thirty-five was the big year for social legislation. It was the year of the Wagner Act, the Social Security Act, the Public Utility Act. Roosevelt was turning into a reformer after all. Everybody was for Roosevelt in 1936. Even the Communists went along, and nobody seemed to mind. It was assumed then that they, rather than their associates, were the fellow-travelers.

Then, in 1937, the country slid back into depression. The second-best paper in our town folded, squeezing a lot of good journalists out of jobs. The Works Progress Administration expanded again, public works were hurled into the breach, and once more the Administration was struggling in the mire of unemployment. Only the mounting troubles of Europe kept our minds off our own. When, in due time, the European crisis began to take the form of war orders, the recovery that Roosevelt never wholly achieved took hold. The depression was licked—by a world war.

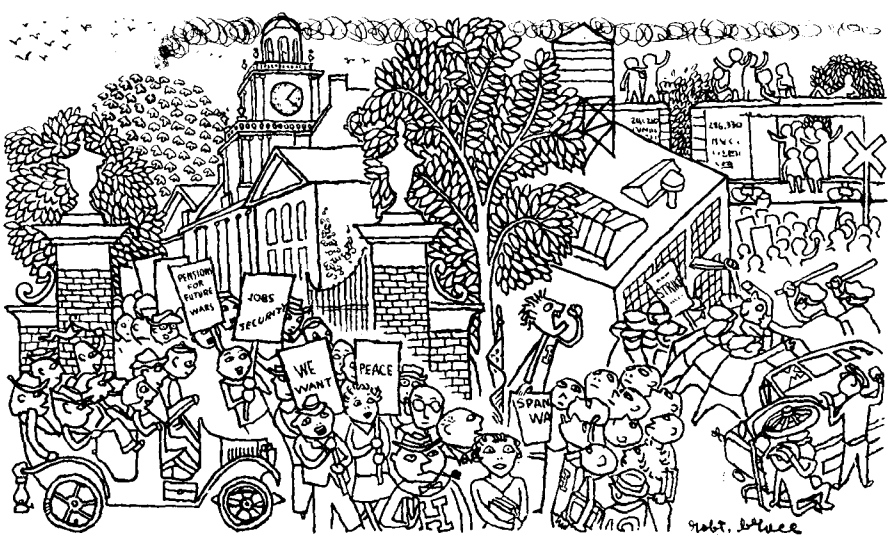
I can't recall ever being seriously attracted to Communism. Perhaps my generation was a little too old for the cumulative impact of the depression to turn us in that direction. We were getting on in our thirties by the end of the decade, past the crystallization point of political faith. I can think of only two acquaintances who became fellow travelers. One was a teacher who had always gotten vast satisfaction from rebellion against anything. The other was a newspaperman, brilliant and erratic, who turned up later as a union organizer. The whole apparatus of Communist conspiracy seemed so alien to the American frame of mind that it was hard to conceive of anybody except a person with a deep sense of personal inadequacy going for it.

In contrast with my fellow-traveler friends, there was one other, who was just about as atypical. He was the ambitious man who went into the 1930's as an intellectual far-leftist, and wound up as an extreme reactionary. He wanted to suspend the Bill of Rights, if necessary, to stamp out Communism; he thought there was something to be said for Hitler: and he hated Roosevelt more than unemployment.

There were pressures in the 1930's pushing men in both directions. As one hard year succeeded another, only the wilfully blind could conceal from themselves the structural weakness of a system that permitted this kind of thing to happen. With many jobless, with farmers sinking to subsistence level, with somebody in nearly every family around you the victim of what appeared to be permanent hard times, it was idle to pretend there wasn't something wrong.

In this atmosphere, Communism was a theory that you could look at without quailing. If you had a Jesuitical zeal and a malleable conscience, you might easily have turned to the extreme left. If you had the same sort of conscience, and were moved primarily by the passion for keeping or getting, it might have been just as easy for you to align yourself with the extreme right.

Yet how few of us there were, in the end, who took either path! One need not put it down to any exceptional strength of national character, but the fact is that in a time of trial that was in many ways more exacting than war (since there was no enemy on whom to focus our loathing), our tradition of intellectual independence kept the stampede to totalitarian ideas to harmless proportions. That was the time we might justifiably have feared Communism—not now. —ROBERT LASCH



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Three Postcards from the Past

A liberal thumbs through his diary and finds he is a fairly typical American, who signs too many documents but has a fair instinct for what is right

It is true that a liberal may be a bore, and he certainly is a bore when he attempts to define himself. He cannot define himself, but he tries because otherwise people will do it for him, and he will be called a fascist or a Communist. That is why, year after year, the liberal signs the same manifesto against Franco, against the Russians. Sometimes something new comes up, and he signs against the Dutch (because of Indonesia) or against Wallace, who messed himself up. Leaping on and off the letterheads of committees like an agile old lady crossing the puddles in a rainy street, the liberal often looks absurd. He talks too much and signs too many documents.

Fundamentally, however, he cannot be as ridiculous as he looks, because he is in the American tradition. Americans are liberals—even those who do not go in for the liberal jargon, even those who are sure that a liberal is a Communist. When you come upon an American who at heart is illiberal he looks strange.

The liberal is not an institution; he is an individual and, even when he is a professional liberal, he is not really attached or organized; he is somewhere, not everywhere; he sees something, not everything; there is one war and then the other; all he can do is look back on his experience as a liberal as if he had kept some picture postcards from travels abroad. He can remember what went on in one place or another when it was still possible to make a mistake, when he still had a choice to make, before history had placed almost everything in irreversible order.

Stockholm. It was difficult for an American in Stockholm in the spring of 1917. Until April, he was a neutral; then suddenly he was a belligerent. In America he would have made the change in the midst of his own people, but, in Sweden, the news that his country had entered the war reached him as he entered an elevator in the Grand Hotel to ride upstairs with a German he had known, and suddenly this man was someone he could no longer with propriety address. It was unusual to declare war in a hotel elevator, and disturbing.

The Grand Hotel in Stockholm was filled with legations or with the overflow from legations; it was something like a convention, with free drinks on every floor, and whatever spying went on was polite. When the Swiss went to bed, there were the Italians or the Rumanians; when everybody went to bed one left the hotel and walked a few blocks to see the Russians.

If there had been no Russians in Stockholm in that spring of 1917 the liberal perhaps would never have been burdened, or graced, with the feeling that Russians must necessarily be natural friends of his country. After victories and defeats, immense losses and great bravery, the Russian war machine had broken down, but now, on March 12, the Provisional Government, with Lvov, Miliukov, Guchkov, and Alexander Kerensky, had brought in democracy and, to the liberal, it seemed permissible to look forward to a combination of Valley Forge and Valmy, Washington and Danton. It is true that this expectancy was not altogether shared by the Russian Minister to Sweden, Mr. Nekludow.

After dinner, Mr. Nekludow always fell asleep for a time, upright and dignified in his chair, while his guests continued to converse, but later he would wake up and explain that in Russia when people came to stay for a week, they might stay for months and sometimes forever, and he had heard that it was that way also in America, and perhaps the countries were alike, because the distances were great in both, and the habit of hospitality the same. It was possible, he thought, that Kerensky might be able to make Russia politically like the United States. In any case the Tsar was gone forever.

It is from those who do not try to teach that one learns, and it was from Nekludow, who did not know the future but who knew when a régime had fallen, that the American learned, before he had ever heard of Kolchak, Denikin, and the rest of the White Russians, that they would fail against the Reds (before anyone had heard of a Red Army) because there is no turning a revolution backward once it has begun.

On May Day the Swedish Social Democrats held a meeting outside the city. They paraded back to town carrying banners on which were inscriptions calling for peace. The Swedes were not in the trenches and could ask for peace without being court-martialed and shot. Yet even in a neutral country (America had been a neutral country till three weeks before) when men start marching through the streets asking for peace there is always the possibility that fighting will start—and so the Swedish government that day had ordered all troops confined to quarters. But when the workers passed the barracks, the soldiers, like schoolboys kept in after school, were all at the win-

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dows. They waved and cheered: the marching crowd waved back.

It occurred to the liberal that his country was entering a war that other people thought had already lasted too long, and it further occurred to him that when one's country is at war it is no longer possible for the individual to request, advise, or seek peace. So that in Stockholm there was that business of the friend in the elevator who shrugged his shoulders and was never seen again; there was the hope for Russia that subsequently proved so difficult to abandon (it has never quite been abandoned); and, for the first time, there was the awareness that free choice and personal freedom and action are limited when the community takes a major collective decision.

The liberal would not have joined the Stockholm workers in their call for peace even if he had not feared being taken for a traitor; he desired passionately the triumph of France (that is what the First World War meant to many Americans). It was not till later, not until he had seen for too long the too great suffering of too many others, that the moral question as to whether an individual may or may not oppose a war in wartime ever presented itself—and was of course dismissed.

The liberal does not take extreme positions. When, occasionally, he looks as if he were taking them, it is only because he is refusing to take them. For idealistic reasons he is inclined to support and take a loyal part in wars that seem righteous. But even while engaged in war he is thinking mostly of peace.

Versailles. By the time André Tardieu, Clemenceau's principal aide, read the draft of the Versailles Treaty in the Chamber of Deputies, there was nothing left of the Armistice. The Armistice had celebrated peace; men who cried in the streets of Paris cried from joy, and late in the night, whether people were drunk or not, the one feeling unsubmerged by fatigue was a feeling of friendship. That was the purest night people have been through in this century.

But when Tardieu droned on through the interminable draft of the treaty it seemed to have nothing to do with peace or the ending of the war. At Versailles, later, it was worse. It would have been better not to have had the Germans there. The crowd that filled the gardens of Versailles was generous; it wanted to applaud Clemenceau, President Wilson, and the British; it did not want to stare at the unhappy Germans. When the Germans passed through the crowd after signing, the crowd was silent; after they had gone, it was happy again.

Gregorovius in an essay on *The Ghetto and the Jews of Rome* quotes the Jewish historian Flavius Josephus (first century, A. D.): "The triumphal procession ended at the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on reaching which they [Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian] halted; for it was a time-honored custom to wait there until the execution of the enemy's general was announced. This was Simon. . . . After the announcement that Simon was no more and the shouts of universal applause which greeted it, the princes began the sacrifices. . . ."

No captives were killed before the victory parade passed through the Arch of Triumph, and there was none of that kind of business at Versailles, with the fountains playing amidst the marble. The world had changed since Rome; the defeated in some manner were sacred.

It was not a conspiracy of the bankers nor their ignorance that rehabilitated the Germans. The liberal is a humanist; he considered it unthinkable to leave any nation outside the society of nations, or any people outlawed from humanity. Russia, freed from the Tsars; Germany, readmitted after defeat—the liberal held to those two themes all through the period between the two wars. How in his heart could he do otherwise? The liberal is often betrayed.

Driving back to town after Versailles, the American Ambassador remarked to his private secretary that politics did not interest him in the least and that now, at last, he would no longer have to read the cables placed on his desk, or have the French newspaper editorials read aloud to him in English. Now he could pursue his major interest: that of getting himself elected a member of the Jockey Club. Private secretaries often become liberals through sheer force of circumstance.

Cops and Robbers. There is a text in Strabo mentioning the existence of a Greek temple at the mouth of the Sele River, close to the great temples of Paestum, to the south of Salerno, in Italy. Such texts often lead archaeologists to their discoveries. Two Italian archaeologists, Umberto Zanotti-Bianco and Paola Zancani-Montuoro, were at work one day on the site. As they dug up the earth a group of unsmiling, citified men in shiny black city shoes stood in a group apart observing them. Wherever the archaeologists went these men followed. The archaeologists broke ground almost at once into one of those pits that reveal the proximity of a temple because in them lie little terra-cotta heads of votive figurines. Layer upon layer, they were placed there when they had to be removed from the temple to make way for new ones. The top layer is the most recent, of course, and by the change in style of these tender and lovely figures, you establish, as you proceed deeper, the chronology of the temple.

The silence of that lonely and romantic landscape was broken later, when the Americans made their landing there and fought inland. But it was undisturbed in these years before the war, when the two Italian archaeologists were digging to find their temple—except for the noise of Fascist po-

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licemen crashing through the bushes, as they followed the pair about.

Matteotti already had been murdered; the trains ran on time; annually the Mille Miglia automobile race was run; Ethiopia was still in the unknown future, together with Spain and the "stab in the back." There was evidence upon which to judge the régime. But the American in Italy had not seen Matteotti murdered; he was not a traveling salesman interested in the trains; and the road race was the best in the world. There were extenuating circumstances for his delay in judging the Fascists.

But when he saw the policemen following the archaeologists, that was enough. He knew then what Fascism was. A liberal, better than most policemen, learns to appraise the significant detail.

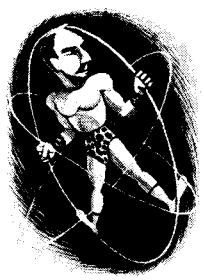
Russia, Germany, and Fascism: Those were the three themes that dominated the thinking of any liberal in these last thirty years. Looking back, he knows what he has learned, and what of his experience he can pass on. He knows that he is soft and that he has not the Communist sense of relentless purpose. He knows what he found at the end—after his pity for the defeated—was another war. He knows that all ideals end by falling into politics—and, therefore, that he must lift them up all over again, no matter who is going to betray them.

When Julien Green returned to Paris in 1945 he made this entry in his diary: "Marie-Blanche is working at her book on Syria beside me; she is moving papers about, taking notes. She too was put in prison by the Germans. The other day, when her children told her that they thought she was unduly hard on the Germans, she showed them photographs of tortured Frenchmen. . ."

The liberal is like those children, refusing the entirely reasonable automatism of revenge. Like them, he follows a sure instinct for what is right and human. Constantly he is at work breaking down the rigid forms established by the cynical, the lazy, the experienced, and the fatigued. He is a component part in the bloodstream of his nation. Without him, the nation accepts the absolutes of right and left, the easy answers. The bloodstream moves slowly then, and clogs. —G. P.

Radioactive Row

Hickenlooper bombards Lilienthal to produce some more legislative-executive chain fission



Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa got to be the ranking Republican member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy by a bizarre operation of the Senate's seniority system.

David E. Lilienthal got to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission largely because of his record as director of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

In the glare of television lights, the two men faced each other in the Senate caucus room not long ago across a maze of microphones. Hickenlooper had charged Lilienthal with gross mismanagement of the atomic energy program, and with failing to maintain proper secrecy in atomic matters. Lilienthal had come to defend himself, and this he did with such anger that at times he seemed the attacker.

Both were in dead earnest. Atomic energy, which can make or wreck the world, has overawed anybody who has had responsibility for it. That was also the case with the atomic scientists, who, struck by the realization of what they had given to the world, soon became apostles of peace. In the cases of Lilienthal and Hickenlooper, dealing with atomic energy has certainly done something to their characters. Each has shown himself as he has been all the time, only much more so. Lilienthal's responsibilities have brought out the angular quality of his mind, his idealism, his confidence in the intellectual process, his intolerance of pettiness. Hickenlooper's have accentuated his distrust of administrators and of intellectuals. The Committee on Atomic Energy has overwhelmed him. He could deal adequately with an investigation of five-per centers or the patronage system; in the investigation of atomic problems, he seemed not so much malicious as lost.

Lilienthal obviously resented the charges. He even called them "un-American," and hinted that they were made for political reasons. Lilienthal, indeed, showed an unfailing talent for annoying lawmakers. He lectured them tartly on the American form of government and the separation of powers, and warned them against uncalled-for interference with the executive branch. He had a very clear idea of what a Senator should be, and no inhibitions about letting a Senator know that he didn't measure up.

The Senator based his case on an accumulation of instances which he said showed waste, extravagance, and lax security. He made a big fuss about a bottle of uranium that had been lost in Chicago. The bottle later was found in a garbage dump, and a scientist, who worked not for the commission but for the committee, reported that only an insignificant amount of the element had been permanently lost. At this point, the press, which had covered the story of the missing bottle with unbounded enthusiasm, quietly dropped it—but not before Hickenlooper called the scientist's report "utterly incomprehensible" and said it by no means ruled out spy activity.

Then there were headlines about certain swift emergency security-clearances granted employees of the commission, and about a Communist who had been found studying nonsecret physics at the University of North Carolina on a commission fellowship. The committee voted to consider individual security cases in executive session, and that story died too.

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At this point, the investigation began to sag badly. The charges of waste and extravagance remained, but these were largely an accumulation of technical minutiae, explained speedily by subordinate Atomic Energy Commission officials. Hickenlooper complained that they didn't have their records in decent shape.

The Senator went out to make a phone call while one witness read a statement on the goals of the commission and the work at Oak Ridge. "I dislike having a self-serving declaration of costs made in public without a chance to go into the bases of the costs," Hickenlooper said when he returned. "We should do that in executive session. If they told the whole story, it would not be impressive."

"If we told the whole story," said the witness, "it would be more impressive."

That was the way it went—interminably. The investigation of what the AEC was doing turned out to be the noisy explosion of something that, like the atom, is infinitesimally small. What it revealed in the characters of two men is something else again.

The political career of Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper has been built on two things: One is his name, and the other is his fidelity to the Cedar Rapids Republican group led by Harrison Spangler, onetime chairman of the Republican National Committee and long dominant in Iowa politics.

Hickenlooper has gone up every rung of the old guard's promotion ladder in Iowa—state legislator, lieutenant governor, governor, Senator. He was elected to the Senate in 1944 (when Dewey carried Iowa) after a campaign in which his only recorded promise was to take his son David pheasant-hunting after the election.

In 1947, when the Republicans took over control of Congress, Hickenlooper was chosen as chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, by far the most impressive job he had ever had, and one that normally would never have gone to a freshman Senator. Hickenlooper got it because his senior Republicans on the committee had what they considered more important chairmanships.

Hickenlooper led the floor fight for Lilienthal's confirmation, but without notable enthusiasm. He was for confirmation because he thought it necessary to end the uncertainty then surrounding the entire Atomic Energy Program.

Once Hickenlooper and Lilienthal started working together, it didn't take long for the Senator to lose whatever good will he had borne toward Lilienthal. There was no single turning point in his attitude. Hickenlooper thought increasingly that Lilienthal was not putting enough emphasis on protecting atomic secrets. Lilienthal didn't answer Hickenlooper's letters as promptly as bureaucrats generally reply to Senators, and sometimes when he did answer he gave Hickenlooper a polite brush-off. Meanwhile, Hickenlooper did receive letters from those of Lilienthal's employees who were at loggerheads with their chief for one reason or another.

"There began to be a succession of incidents I didn't like," Hickenlooper recalled the other day. "There wasn't any one thing, but an accumulation of details. I thought policy was going completely in the wrong direction. The commission was wholly dominated by Lilienthal. He's a domineering type anyway. He's going to do things his way, regardless. The law—and Congress—don't seem to matter."

The original appointment of Lilienthal and the other commissioners expired in August, 1948. In the spring of 1948, the President had reappointed them all, Lilienthal for five years, the others for terms of one, two, three, and four years. Instead of confirming these, Congress, with Hickenlooper taking a leading role, put through a bill extending the original terms to 1950.

The Republicans thought they were cleverly squirreling away all five of the very juicy appointments for Dewey. A good many things happened politically in 1948, and not the least of them was in Iowa. Among others, the old-guard governor was defeated in the Republican primary by a candidate with liberal tendencies, who might easily take it into his head to announce his candidacy for the Senate against Hickenlooper next year.

"I knew last year that this issue of policy was going to have to come to a showdown," Hickenlooper said recently, "but I held off as long as I could to keep it out of politics." —P. H.

"And, due to incredible mismanagement, we have absolutely no atom-bombs at all."

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Return of the Salesman

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Collapse of Youth's One World

The second war generation in its turn has had to learn the sad lesson of disillusionment from the implacable 'our way or none' dialecticians

If Congressman Nixon of the Un-American Activities Committee has a dossier on me, he knows that I have journeyed halfway around the world three times since the war to confer with Russians, Bulgarians, Poles, and subversive people of several other nationalities. He has read that speakers at the conferences I attended attacked Anglo-American imperialism, encouraged the revolutionaries of Southeast Asia, condemned the actions of Chiang Kai-shek, and lauded the "people's democracies" of eastern Europe. If Nixon ever levels his sights on me I'll probably be done for.

My suspicious connection with the East began in the spring of 1946, when the Harvard Student Council chose me as delegate to the World Student Congress to be held in Prague that summer. My chief qualification was that I had a smattering of Russian, which I had picked up in my O.S.S. days. No one knew much about the conference except that a committee of prominent persons in New York was sponsoring the American delegation. Incredible as it may seem today, three years ago we were not in the habit of inquiring into the hidden motives of prominent persons. Without much ado, the student council appropriated funds to buy my passage.

Twenty-five of us from all over the country made up the American delegation. It is difficult now to describe how we felt about our mission. Europe was no longer a vast battleground for young people; Prague had become the meeting place between East and West. Our student congress was a big thing: More than 350 students from thirty-eight countries were to attend.

We passed through Paris, where the Peace Conference was about to begin, and we believed, along with many diplomats, that it would settle outstanding international problems.

Above everything else, we were eager to get to know and to work with the Russians, who flew into Prague in a swift Soviet transport plane a day or two after we had arrived in a crowded third-class railway coach. There were twenty-five of them, as there were of us. We were the two largest delegations. The morning the Russians first walked into the dining room, our Texas delegate looked up and drawled to himself: "By golly, we don't have to look under the bed any longer. There's some real live Reds standing up!" His words summed up the contempt we all felt for hysterical anti-Communism. We were going to break down ideological barriers.

To get off to a good start, we scraped together all the wine and food we could find and invited the Russians to a party. They came, bearing bottles of vodka, which they had brought along in their plane. We all drank heartily, and, in the fashion of so many diplomatic gatherings during the war, American and Russian mistook the warmth of alcohol for the warmth of friendship. We sang and danced together. In mock seriousness I begged a pretty blonde from the Ukraine to come with me to my native Alabama directly after the Congress. She proposed that we flee to Kiev.

Besides the Russians and ourselves, there were Cubans and Danes, Australians and Inner Mongolians, British and Viet-Namese in the thirty-eight delegations. We lived at Masaryk Kolej, a student dormitory out past Hradcany Castle. For ten days we spent all our waking hours together—meetings in the daytime, parties at night.

Our theme was "The Student's Role in the Postwar World." We were well aware of the heroic wartime roles played by students. Our meeting place had been the scene of a student uprising against the Nazis; its walls were scarred by German machine-gun fire.

In ten days, we established an organization, The International Union of Students, which "democratic" groups from every country were invited to join; we passed a flood of resolutions and laid out an extensive program. Student exchange, work camps, travel tours, an international student magazine, sanatoriums for tubercular students—all these were our projects.

The word "democratic" caused a little trouble. In attempting to define it, the Russians put forward a resolution that there could be "no discrimination because of race, creed, color, economic circumstance . . ." We Americans proposed "free speech, elections, minority reports," etc. The congress obligingly passed both resolutions.

All went well until it came time for the drafting commission to put the resolutions into finished shape. Then Tamara Ersheva, a Soviet delegate, who—unlike my dance partner—was deadly serious, insisted that the American resolution be dropped. I answered rather heatedly. Thereupon she turned and put me in my place with a delightful *non sequitur*.

"It's not us I'm thinking about," she said almost tearfully. "It's the poor Negroes in your South!"

Looking back, I can remember two or three such instances, petty and almost laughable at the time, but indicative of troubles to come. A few members of our delegation expressed concern then, but the rest of us insisted that we must give this thing a fair chance.

The congress ended in a burst of

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good spirits. Students seized Prime Minister Gottwald, who had shown up for the closing celebration, and threw him high into the air. The stocky Communist boss sailed again and again over the cheering crowd, untroubled by fears of capitalist chicanery.

Still enthusiastic in spite of a few small doubts, we elected one of our delegation to remain in Prague as American vice-president. The rest of us returned to the United States. During Christmas vacation, we held a conference in Chicago. Students from two hundred or so colleges came and decided that they would establish a national student organization the following September.

Five of us went back to Prague in the summer of 1947 to attend a meeting of the governing council of the IUS. The Marshall Plan was in preparation. Russia had just put the screws on Czechoslovakia to keep it from participating in the American scheme. Someone had put the screws on the IUS, too. The meeting got underway with a fiery attack by Royko Tomavitch, a young Yugoslav who had been one of Tito's Partisans, on Britain's treatment of India. A lovely Egyptian girl harangued us about British "fascist imperialism" in Egypt. An Indonesian plopped on the table a resolution condemning the Dutch, the British, and the Americans.

One of the American delegates turned pleasantly to a new Chinese delegate sitting next to him and introduced himself. Equally pleasantly, the Chinese replied that he represented the "Anti-U. S. Atrocity League" which, it seemed, was a large and thriving student organization in his country.

I roomed next door to a little Viet-Namese named Do Dai, who used to wake me up every morning singing *My Darling Clementine* in a loud, nasal voice. "Cardboard boxes without topses served as shoes for Clementine, oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my . . ." I would hurl a shoe to halt the chorus. We were close friends, but that did not make his attacks on Viet-Nam's enemies any less ferocious. Upset by the thread of truth running through his accusations, we protested that problems such as the colonial one were not in the province of a student organization.

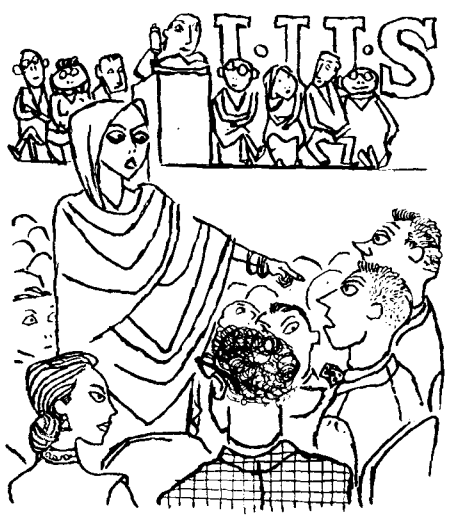
"What do you mean, not a student problem?" shouted Do Dai shrilly. "I cannot study because I must all the time shoot at the French. It is most certainly a student problem!"

Throughout the colonials' campaign, the Soviet delegates sat impassively. They voted to back all the colonial demands, no matter how extreme. To be sure, these were only paper resolutions being passed by little more than a paper organization. But by centering on issues which divided the world student community, they were helping to destroy the organization. No one could object to allowing the IUS to serve as a forum for student grievances; but we could not agree that it should dwell lopsidedly on the evils of the non-Soviet world.

The Russians' reports on student conditions in their own country were undiluted hymns of praise, with never a word of complaint. The implications of the Soviet system now became clear to me. Its student organization, like its labor groups, church, and press, was a company union—the company being a government run by a tightly knit party. The independence and daring that have characterized student movements throughout history were crushed.

Royko Tomavitch, the Yugoslav, often talked with me about how to avoid a split in the IUS. He agreed that it was unwise to concentrate on irreconcilable issues. Yet not once did he side against the Russians when it came to a vote. Probably he would have at the next year's council meeting, but he was not there, nor was I.

I left Prague that August with a feeling of failure, and flew back to Madison, Wisconsin, to report to the National Student Congress. At the University of Wisconsin, more than a thousand students had gathered from all over the country to found the National Student Association. They were very much occupied with the task at hand and had little time to consider the IUS. Moreover, because of reports of its Communist leanings, they were extremely wary of having anything to do with it.



They listened to our report, though, and our recommendation that they get in and try to right the balance in the IUS. After drawing up a lengthy statement defining their reservations, they agreed.

This was a notable milestone for those of us who had been connected with the enterprise from the beginning. At last, American students were ready to participate directly in the international field. As far as working with the IUS was concerned, however, the end was approaching. Five months later, the well-known "February Events" finished democracy in Czechoslovakia.

Like all other independent organizations, the Czech Student Union was seized by a Communist "action" committee. Czech students who paraded in protest against the coup were forcibly dispersed and certain leaders arrested. Our American student representative in Prague, an eyewitness, called on the IUS secretariat to protest. Instead, that body adopted a resolution endorsing, to the hilt, the action of the Communists: "We do not defend the rights of undemocratic students."

In ten days the work of two and a half years was nullified. Our representative resigned, and the U. S. National Student Association gave up its affiliation proceedings. One by one, student organizations from other non-Communist countries have been doing the same thing.

Last summer, I visited Prague for a few days to find out what happened to the IUS. Its leaders were still carrying on with the same outward enthusiasm, but a change was apparent. The Soviets, now that the organization had become a straight party "front," seemed to have lost interest. From what I could gather, the IUS was stranded, looking eagerly but vainly to Moscow for guidance. —D. C.

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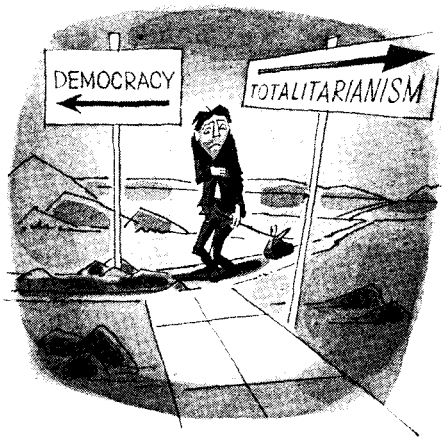
The Burden of Freedom

People will continue to be drawn to totalitarianism, a historian finds, as long as freedom gives them responsibilities they are afraid to bear



Modern technology created free society—but created it at the expense of the protective tissues which had bound together feudal society. The protective tissues of medievalism suffocated some individuals; in the end they had to be destroyed in the interests of the release of economic energy; but, while they lasted, they consoled and fortified the bulk of the people. They helped, on the whole, to constitute a society where many men could live whole lives.

Our modern industrial economy, based on impersonality, interchangeability and speed, has worn away the old protective securities without creating new ones. It has failed to develop an organizational framework of its own within which self-realization on a large scale is possible. Freedom in industrial society, as a result, has a negative rather than a positive connotation. It means a release from external restraints rather than a sense of purpose. Man is not free: He is out on parole.

This freedom has brought with it frustration rather than fulfillment, isolation rather than integration. "Anxiety," writes Kierkegaard, "is the dizziness of freedom"; and anxiety is the official emotion of our time. The vogue of existentialism is due in part to the fact that the existentialists have made perhaps the most radical attempt to grapple with the implications of this anxiety. "Man is condemned to be free," remarks Jean Paul Sartre—and from this Sartre concludes that man is absolutely responsible for the use he makes of his freedom. By making choices, man makes himself, creates or destroys his own moral personality. This is a brave and bleak expression of our dilemma. But such a philosophy imposes an unendurable burden on most men. The eternal awareness of choice can drive the weak to the point where the simplest decision becomes a nightmare. Most men prefer to flee choice, to flee anxiety, to flee freedom.

The "escape from freedom," as Erich Fromm has called it, is a characteristic pattern of our age. Man is used to belonging but no longer belongs: The society of status has given way to the society of contract, and the ordeal of consummating or breaking contracts breeds anguish and exhaustion. "In society as it is now constituted," Albert Brisbane, the American Fourierite, cried a century ago, "monotony, uniformity, intellectual inaction and torpor reign; distrust, isolation, separation, conflict and antagonism are almost universal; very little expansion of the generous affections and feelings obtain. . . . Society is spiritually a desert." People, in Thoreau's stabbing phrase, live lives of quiet desperation. Eliot notes today:

". . . the strained time-ridden faces
Distracted from distraction by distraction
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning
Tumid apathy with no concentration
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind."

As organization towers higher and higher above him, man grows in forlornness, impotence and fear. As monopoly or state capitalism enlarges its power, the outlets in economic enterprise dwindle. Man longs to escape the pressures beating down on his frail individuality; and, more and more, the surest means of escape seems to be to surrender that individuality to some massive, external authority.

Dostoievsky remarks: "Man is tormented by no greater anxiety than to find some one quickly to whom he can hand over that gift of freedom with which the ill-fated creature is born." The psychological stigmata of the fugitive from freedom, Erich Fromm finds in his remarkable analysis, are the strivings for submission and for domination, the losing of self in masochism or sadism.

The totalitarian state, which has risen in specific response to this fear of freedom, is an invention of the twentieth century. It differs essentially from old-style dictatorship, which may be bloody and tyrannical but yet leaves intact most of the structure of society. Totalitarianism, on the contrary, pulverizes the social structure, grinding all independent groups and diverse loyalties into a single amorphous mass. The sway of the totalitarian state is unlimited. This very fact is a source of its profound psychological appeal. On an economic level, it seeks to supply the answer to the incoherence and apparent uncontrollability of industrial society. On the political and psychological level, it holds out hope of allaying the gnawing anxieties; it offers institutional outlets for the impulses of sadism and masochism. As a system of social organization, it purports to invest life with meaning and purpose. Against the

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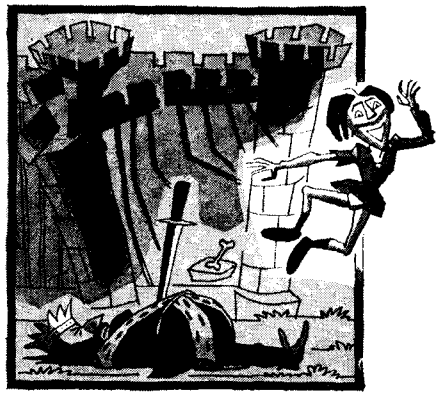
loneliness and rootlessness of man in free society, it promises the security and comradeship of a crusading unity, propelled by a deep and driving faith.

Man under freedom, in Marshal Zhukov's expressive phrase, is "an undisciplined, unoriented entity"; under totalitarianism, says Konstantin Simonov happily, each person becomes "a particle of the Soviet system." "To be a socialist," as Goebbels put it, "is to submit the I to the thou; socialism is sacrificing the individual to the whole." Or, in Simonov's candid statement, "I, personally, cannot bear loneliness. . . . If you ask me what the Soviet system has done for the writer I should answer that, first of all, it has erased from his inner self all sense of loneliness, and given him the feeling of complete and absolute 'belonging' to society and the people."

These are the overriding reasons for the appeal of totalitarianism—not the politics of *Mein Kampf* or the economics of *Das Kapital.* Ideology and logic play a minimal part. "I did not join the Party for ideological reasons," writes a young Italian Communist. "I had not then read a line of Marx. I did not adhere to a philosophy when I joined the Party. I joined the struggle and I joined men." Outsiders sometimes wonder how Communists can endure the strict party discipline. How foolish a speculation! Members of a totalitarian party *enjoy* the discipline, they revel in the release from individual responsibility, in the affirmation of comradship in organized mass solidarity. "Formerly, our people were disciplined because they were Communists," remarks the Malraux hero; "now plenty of people become Communists because the Party stands for discipline." "The Party is a thong," cries a character in Kirshon's play *Bread.* ". . . It often cuts into my flesh, but I can't live without it . . . I need someone to give me orders. I must feel another shoulder next to mine."



Against the western sense of being out of joint with history, the totalitarians proclaim their oneness with history—"the thousand-year Reich" or "the proletarian revolution." While free society feels a sense of estrangement from its destiny, the Hitlers and Stalins are in the school of Ralph Waldo Trine; they are "in tune with the infinite." The honest defender of the free individual can only confess the uninspiring belief that most basic problems are insoluble. The totalitarian promises a new heaven and earth.

In a society which is uncertain and fragmented, its institutions undermined and its members paralyzed by doubts, this dynamic faith exerts the magnetic influence of a lodestone on iron filings. It affects not only the weak and sentimental, but also the highly sophisticated—those most subtly aware of the shaky foundations of existing society. E. H. Carr, the British historian and one-time leader writer for the London *Times,* is the type of intellectual convinced almost in spite of himself by the absolute confidence of totalitarian power. The nature of the power matters little: When Hitler was in the ascendancy, Carr argued (in *The Twenty Years' Crisis*) for the necessity of coming to terms with Nazism; now he argues (*Conditions of Peace,* etc.) for the necessity of coming to terms with Soviet Communism. "Even those—or perhaps particularly those—who have rejected most vigorously the content of the creed," as he wrote recently of Communism, "have been conscious of its power of attraction."

The "anxious man," we have seen, is the characteristic inhabitant of free society in the twentieth century. The final triumph of totalitarianism has been the creation of man without anxiety—of "totalitarian man." Totalitarianism sets out to liquidate the tragic insights which gave man a sense of his limitations. In their place it has spawned a new man, ruthless, determined, extroverted, free from doubts or humility, capable of infallibility, and, on the higher echelons of the Party, infallible. The "totalitarian man" is Koestler's Commissar—"the human type that has completely severed relations with the subconscious."

He is the Hero of André Malraux, the man incarnating mass purpose and historical destiny, in contrast to an individualism based on the cultivation of personal differences.

The "totalitarian man" is oriented against his own individuality. "True Bolshevik courage," observes Stalin, "does not consist in placing one's individual will above the will of the Comintern. True courage consists in being strong enough to master and overcome one's self and subordinate one's will to the will of the collective, the will of the higher Party body." The totalitarian man denies the testimony of his private nerves and conscience until they wither away before the authority of the Party and of history. He is the man persuaded of the absolute infallibility of the Party's will and judgment, the agent who knows no misgivings and no scruples, the activist who has no hesitation in sacrificing life to history. We know well the visages of these new men in the Gestapo or the MVD, in the Politburo or in the Assembly of the United Nations—tight-lipped, cold-eyed, unfeeling, uncommunicative men, as if badly carved from wood, without humor, without tenderness, without spontaneity.

Against totalitarian certitude, free society can only offer modern man devoured by alienation and fallibility. The great issue of this century is who is right. Is man a creature of doubt and ambiguity, undone by "the fire and treason crackling" in his blood? Or has he mastered the secrets of his-

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tory and nature sufficiently › become ruthless, monolithic and infallible, to know whom to spare and whom to kill? For the very insights into man which strike democrats and Christians as the marrow of experience convince the totalitarians of our decadence.

By one means or another — by strength through joy and joy through strength, by incantation, hypnosis and conversion—the totalitarians have eliminated the conflict between man and the universe, healed the estrangement, brought man into full and living contact with his comrades and with history. The invalids throw away their crutches as they leave the Soviet shrine. We may suspect a delusion when we see them whimpering and crawling a little way down the road. But the power of faith is great, especially in a time of despair . . .

"The horror which No. 1 emanated," muses Rubashov on Stalin in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, "above all consisted in the possibility that he was in the right." Pascal's wager appears in a new and terrible form. Why not gamble on his being right?—you have a world to win, and, if you lose, you are no worse off than before.

"We came out against the joy of the new life," cried the desperate, despairing Bukharin before the icy judges of Moscow. What could sustain his frail, belated individual defiance against the certitudes of power, which might well mask the certitudes of history? "When you ask yourself: 'If you must die, what are you dying for?'" Bukharin went on, "—an absolute black vacuity suddenly rises before you with startling vividness. There was nothing to die for, if one wanted to die unrepented. And, on the contrary, everything positive that glistens in the Soviet Union acquires new dimensions in a man's mind. This in the end disarmed me completely and led me to bend my knees before the Party and the country. And when you ask yourself: 'Very well, suppose you do not die; suppose by some miracle you remain alive, again what for? Isolated from everybody, an enemy of the people, in an inhuman position, completely isolated from everything that constitutes the essence of life. . .'"

The fear of isolation, the flight from anxiety lie at the bottom of the totalitarian appeal—especially when the fear and anxiety are converted into frenzy, into "an absolute black vacuity," by conditions of economic and moral hopelessness few Americans can imagine. Against the background of demoralization and exhaustion, the sheer dynamism of the totalitarian promise acquires a glistening certainty which few men can stand up against—not only those like Bukharin, who went to the school of Communism too long to refuse the diploma, but people in general, who tend to confound immediate power with the ultimate verdicts of history.

Thus the twentieth century, which began as the century of democracy, has become the century of the totalitarian revolt against democracy. Thus fascism, Nazism and Communism have risen to challenge fundamentally the whole conception of a free economic or political choice. There are important differences between Communism and fascism, which one must understand if one is to cope with each effectively. But the similarities are vastly more overpowering and significant than the differences. The similarities result, of course, from the fact that both faiths arose in response to the same frustration; they bear the imprint of the same defects and failures of free society. Both have displaced the "anxious man" by the "totalitarian man." Both exploit the mystique of revolution, basing themselves on the deep popular disgust with vested inequalities. In both, the suppression of political opposition and intellectual freedom has invested the ruling party with an absolute power, and, in both, an all-pervasive and merciless secret police has made sure that the power remains absolute. In both, the significant contests for power take place within the ruling group; in both, the masses are plunged in a profound and trance-like political apathy.

The essential kinship among all totalitarians is illustrated by their historial record of collaboration against the moderates, whether in the Prussian diet or the Berlin transport strike before Hitler, or in the French Assembly against the Third Force. The interchangeability of personnel is notorious. Mussolini consorted with the friends of Lenin in Switzerland before the First War; and Jacques Doriot was a key figure in the Comintern before he began his career as a collaborator with Hitler. From Nils Flyg in Sweden to Pierre Laval in France to Borgida in Italy to Rola-Zmyierski in Poland to J. B. Mathews in the United States to Wang Ching-Wei in China, the passage from the extreme left to the extreme right and back has been fast and easy.

"There is more that binds us to Bolshevism," Hitler once observed, "than separates us from it. There is, above all, genuine revolutionary feeling. . . . I have always made allowance for this circumstance, and given orders that former Communists are to be admitted to the Party at once. The *petit bourgeois* Social Democrat and the trade-union boss will never make a National Socialist, but the Communist always will." —ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

(This article is excerpted from Mr. Schlesinger's book The Vital Center, *to be published early in September by Houghton Mifflin.)*

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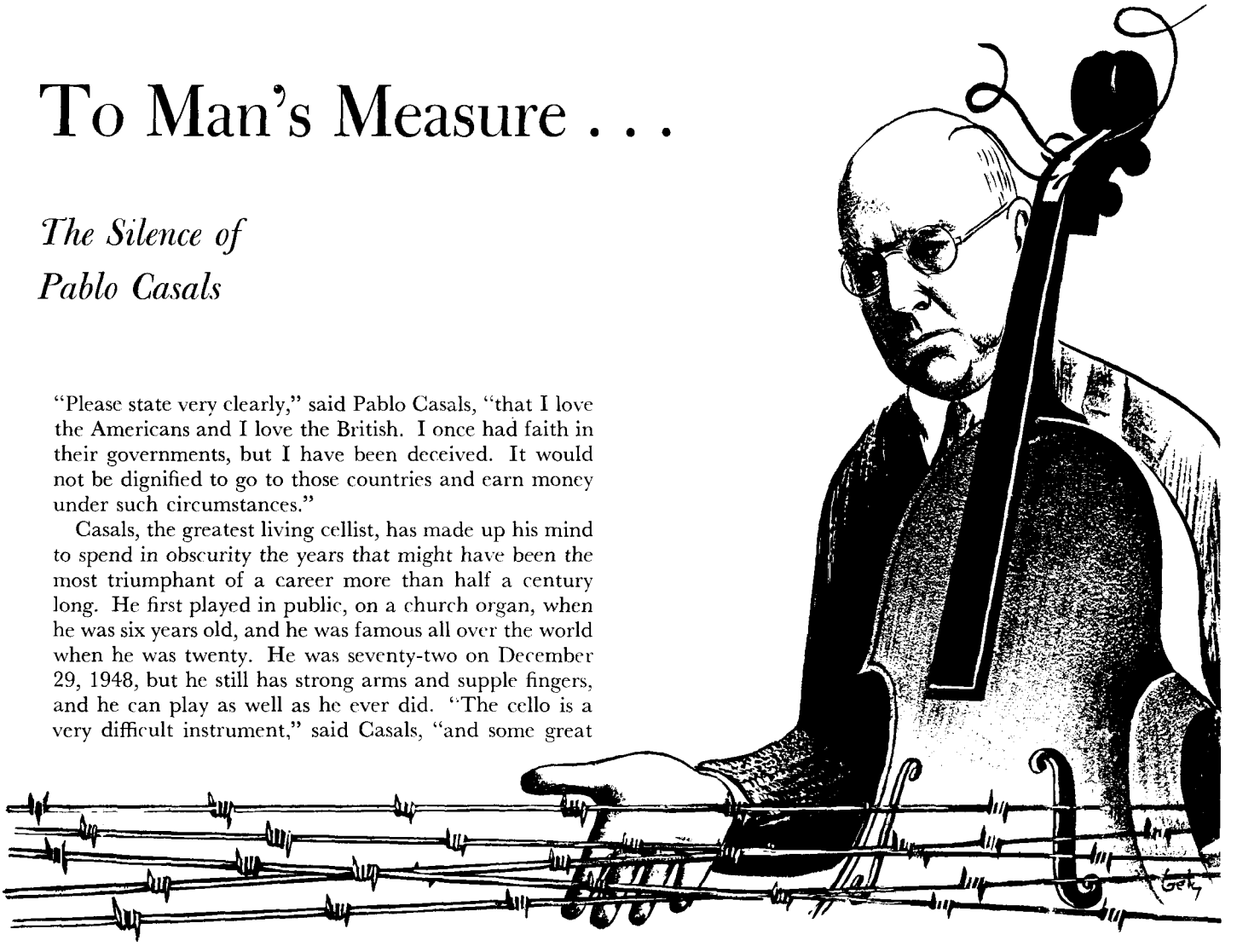
To Man's Measure . . .

The Silence of Pablo Casals



"Please state very clearly," said Pablo Casals, "that I love the Americans and I love the British. I once had faith in their governments, but I have been deceived. It would not be dignified to go to those countries and earn money under such circumstances."

Casals, the greatest living cellist, has made up his mind to spend in obscurity the years that might have been the most triumphant of a career more than half a century long. He first played in public, on a church organ, when he was six years old, and he was famous all over the world when he was twenty. He was seventy-two on December 29, 1948, but he still has strong arms and supple fingers, and he can play as well as he ever did. "The cello is a very difficult instrument," said Casals, "and some great cellists retire soon after they are fifty. I am ready to give a concert tomorrow." But Casals has determined never to play in public again until he can play in Barcelona. He will not play in Barcelona while Franco rules Spain.

This decision, which has cost him many hours of anguish, is not a political one; Pablo Casals is not a political man. Soon after the war, he was invited to England by Sir Stafford Cripps, who wanted to explain personally why the Labour Government would not break off relations with Spain. Casals didn't go. "Cripps would have talked about politics. I wanted to talk about morals," he said. "I merely cannot accept the fact that the American and British governments have relations with such a man as Franco. It is not dignified."

Casals has hoped that recent events in other countries would show the "realists" the futility of supporting a corrupt government just because it is against Communism, but he has seen no cause for hope across the Pyrenees in his native Spain. And Casals is homesick for his house in San Salvador on the Mediterranean, and the cellos and books he left there; for the streets in Barcelona and smaller cities that once bore his name; for his brothers and their families who still live in Spain, in poverty and humiliation. "We who fought for the same cause as England and America, and lost a million men in our war," he says, "we are dying, all dying."

During his protest against the immorality of governments, Casals has chosen to stay in France, which gave him refuge when he had to flee Spain. He lives in the small town of Prades, on an eastern slope of the Pyrenees, beneath the snow-crested peak of Canigou, a mountain loved by all Catalans. He has a single room on the second floor of the Villa Colette, a modest, two-story house with a yard full of morning-glories. From his front window, Casals can see Canigou, which is in France; from his back window, he can see Spain.

Casals's life in Prades is not eventful. After he gets up, he often takes a walk. In the afternoons he may practice alone for hours, or give a lesson. He will only take pupils whom he considers exceptionally talented. Late in the day, sitting beneath a bright lamp that gleams on his bald head, he receives visitors. In repose, his face is placid. When he speaks, strong lines appear.

Casals was born Pablo Carlos Salvador Defilló de Casals, in Vendrell, a small town southwest of Barcelona in the fertile vineyard country of Tarragona. His father was a music teacher and organist, and at four Pablo could play The *Well-Tempered Clavier* on a piano nearly by heart.

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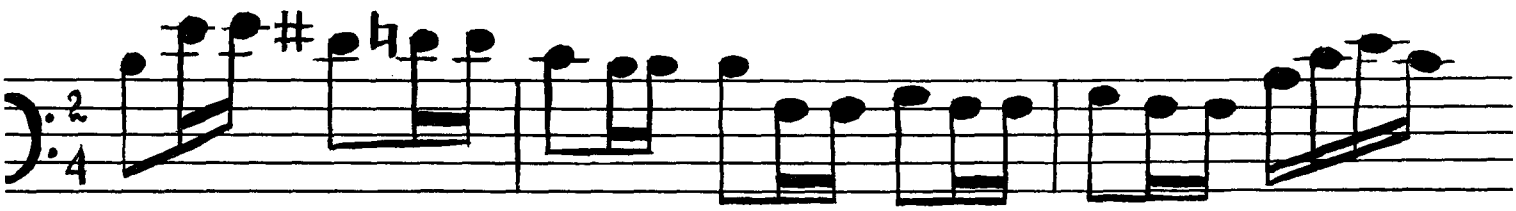
At six he began to compose, and could take his sickly father's place at the organ. At eleven he settled on the violoncello, and his father sent him, with his mother, to study in Barcelona. Within a few months, he was playing popular music with an orchestra in a café. He had already grown to his present height, over five feet, and his hands were already each able to span ten piano keys.

When he was graduated, at fifteen, from the municipal music school of Barcelona, Casals was already known to such musicians as Isaac Albéniz and Fernandez Arbos, who recommended him to Count Guillermo de Morphy, the music-minded counselor to Queen Mother Maria Cristina, and the educator of Alfonso XIII. De Morphy moved Pablo and his mother to Madrid, gave the young musician a scholarship, and made him virtually a member of the royal household. He became a close friend of the young king. He was decorated twice, and given a magnificent Gagliano cello with a sapphire from the queen's bracelet to embellish the bow. He could have remained a highly favored court musician, but he thought that he was not a sufficiently good cellist technically, so he went to Paris to study and remained there until money troubles drove him back to Barcelona.



At twenty-two Casals again went to Paris, with a letter of introduction to the conductor, Charles Lamoureux. Lamoureux had him play Lalo's Concerto at an audition, and was so impressed that he featured Casals as soloist at his next concert. The reception Casals got made his reputation secure. With Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud, he formed a trio that became world-famous. In the years between 1899 and 1914, Casals lived the life of a virtuoso. He toured Europe and the Americas, was made much of everywhere, and was loaded with public honors. The London Philharmonic Society gave him the gold Beethoven Medal, an honor previously conferred on Brahms and Liszt. But during this period he almost wore himself out with gruelling practice, and then became so depressed that he thought of suicide.

It took three wars, and his own courage and conscience, to bring this vigorous and gregarious man to Prades, where his companions remain just a few disciples. Having been close to the royal family, he was not particularly enthusiastic, at first, about the Republic in Spain. But he approved of the autonomy given to his province of Catalonia, and he found that he could not cut himself off from the government's persistent cultural efforts. He took over the guidance of Catalonia's musical life, and was rewarded by seeing streets named for him all over the province, and a plaque put on the house of his birth with the inscription, "*Gloria del Mundo Musical.*"

When the Spanish Civil War began, Casals arranged a tour of South America to raise money for the Republic. Back in Barcelona, he conducted his orchestra, one of the best in Europe, during air raids to keep up the people's morale. He finally left Spain after attempts had been made to kill him. He settled in Prades, where, as the war ended in Franco's victory, he helped other refugees fleeing across the border. The new government presently declared him a Communist, tore down the plaque on his house, rebaptized his streets with the names of Fascists, tried him *in absentia,* and fined him a million pesetas. He has ignored subsequent hints of amnesty.

Americans have not heard Casals play, except on records, since 1928. He would not leave Prades while he could help Republican refugees by staying there; he helped them with money, with influence, and with spiritual encouragement. When the struggle with fascism spread throughout Europe he worked for the French underground and gave concerts to help the Resistance.

One day during the occupation three German officers called on Casals. They were not only correct but flattering; one of them remembered his grandfather's having talked about hearing the great Pablo Casals. They wanted him to give a concert in Berlin, and said that a private railway car would take him there. "I have a rheumatic shoulder," said Casals, "and besides, if you will allow me my feelings, I don't approve of your régime."

The hope that burned in Pablo Casals, and in every other Republican Spaniard, when the war in Europe ended, began to fade as American and British soldiers packed the boats going home, leaving Franco, who had done so much for their enemies, still at large and in power. Casals waited six months, then, in November, 1945, announced that he would play no more in the United States or Great Britain as long as these countries placated Franco. He continued to give concerts in Switzerland and in southern France, where most of the cities have made him an honorary citizen. Then he decided that if one man's gesture was to mean anything, it must be complete. And so, in March, 1947, he announced that he would not play *anywhere* in public while Franco ruled Spain.

When he was made an honorary citizen of Narbonne, the mayor said to Casals: "We hear your silence with the same admiration we once held for your music." Sitting in his single room with its narrow bed, on which rests his only remaining cello, a Bergonzi, smoking a big, curved pipe, Casals wishes his silence might be heard farther than the cities of southern France. He wonders if the people of America and England remember him, as he so warmly remembers them. "It is half a century since I first went to America. I would like to go again. But I will go nowhere until my country is free."

Pablo Casals is sixteen years older than Franco.

—Charles Wertenbaker

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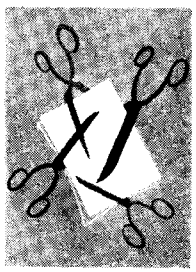
The Message



Not long ago, there was an intelligent, inquisitive, sensitive Young Man who decided to become a political writer. He had been born into a family that was warm and affectionate; and he had gone to the best schools his father could afford. During the war, he served in the infantry, and saw many strange lands and fearful sights. When peace came, he was thankful indeed to be alive; and he decided that his mission was to carry the message of our time to the people of the world.

In preparation for his career, the Young Man sat in the Library of Congress at Washington and read every book on the shelves. Then he arranged for special permission from the Library of Congress to study the rare books that are kept under lock and key, as well as the collections of manuscripts donated by descendants of great men.

At last he decided that the time had come for him to write a book, one that would carry the true message of our time. He went to New York and rented a room in Greenwich Village, at his mother's expense (for she had great faith in him), and he secluded himself for fourteen months, emerging only to eat three large meals each day and to stroll about the neighborhood for half an hour each evening. The rest of the time he either slept or worked on his book, and after fourteen months he found that he had a complete manuscript of 120,000 words.

This he took to the Greatest Statesman in the World, who happened to be attending a meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations at Lake Success. The Statesman agreed to read the entire manuscript, and invited the Young Man to come back in two weeks, when he would express his opinion.

The Young Man was very nervous during those two weeks. He sat in his room and thought deeply, except at the times when he strolled in the neighborhood, took his meals, or slept. The fortnight passed at last.

"This is a very interesting document," the Statesman told him. "But it is too long. You are addressing your message to the people of the world. It is a profound and true message, and it penetrates to the core of our problem today. But no message is worth writing unless the people are able to read it, and I do not believe that most people have the patience to read 120,000 words. (That is why official documents are so long.) I advise you to cut this book in half."

The Young Man agreed that this was sound advice. He went back to his room and in three months he had trimmed his book down to sixty thousand words. He then decided to show it to the Greatest Philosopher in the World.

"Young man," said the Philosopher, "I do not need to spend my time reading your manuscript. I can tell by its weight that it is too long. There is no idea, no matter how deep or how wise, that cannot be expressed with brevity. If you value my advice, I urge you to reduce your ideas to the bare, clean message which you seek to convey."

Once again the Young Man went to work, for the Philosopher's words had made a profound impression. He worked for six full months, and ate only two meals a day instead of three. And when he was finished, his manuscript was no more than thirty-five thousand words in length.

Now he decided to consult the Greatest Propagandist in the World.

The Propagandist did not take long to read the manuscript. Being pressed for time, he skimmed through it in three-quarters of an hour, while the Young Man waited in an outer office. Then the Propagandist glanced at his watch and told his secretary to send the Young Man in.

"Young man," he said, "you have a terrific message here. Terrific! But I know something about what makes people react. Short words! You have too many long words. Cut them all out, and you'll have something that will outrank the Bible in its impact."

So the Young Man went back to work, and cut out all the long words. When he had completed his task, the book was only three thousand words.

Now the Young Man decided to seek his last adviser, the Greatest Scientist in the World. The Scientist was able to read his manuscript in a few minutes, but very thoroughly, for he had a keen mind.

"Young man," he said, "your message is good, but it does not capture the essence of our problem in this technological age. The essence is time." And he told the Young Man about all the new and terrifying wonders of our advancing sciences, the new inventions and perfections and theories. "Yes," said the Scientist, "the essence is time. There is not enough of it."

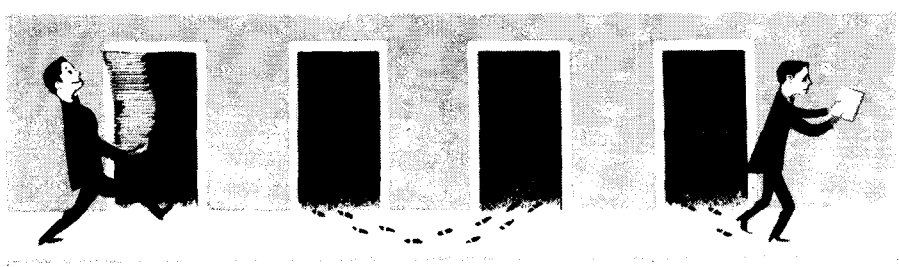
The Young Man went back to his room in Greenwich Village, and sat for three days and three nights, without sleeping or eating. He was thinking.

Very late in the third night, he tore up his manuscript and tossed the bits of paper out of the window. Then he took a fresh sheet of paper and began to work, for he had discovered how to write his message in the way that would please the Statesman, the Philosopher, the Propagandist, and the Scientist. His message consisted of two words:

"I HOPE."

No one, of course, cared to publish the first completed work of the ambitious young political writer.

—DAVID BERNSTEIN



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Illinois

Stevenson's First Year

The governors of Illinois have usually not gone on to much in politics. Not one ever has been elected President, and only one, John M. Palmer, has even been nominated for that office. Since 1913, when the direct popular election of U. S. Senators began, only one former governor has been chosen for the Senate.

The odds, then, are that Adlai Stevenson will not be able to build a national political career on the governorship that began when he took the oath at Springfield last January. The odds had also been heavily against him when he opened his campaign, yet in November he received the largest majority ever given an Illinois governor, and helped pull President Truman through in what certainly ranked as a crucial state.

Most of Stevenson's first seven months in office have been devoted to his struggle with a legislature whose upper chamber is controlled by Republicans. During that time he has been the object of intense scrutiny. He has been quite like a man who undertakes to break the bank at Monte Carlo. Can this brisk, intelligent, forty-nine-year-old diplomat and lawyer beat "the system," or whatever it is that has doomed so many Illinois governors to obscurity and their programs to failure?

With a hectic legislative session behind him, Stevenson has not yet broken the bank. Neither has he been broken. An eager governor still—and a wiser one than he was—he regards his job as at once a mountainous challenge and a gigantic frustration. On the word of Elder Statesman Ed Kelly, who has tested the soundness of his ear by applying it frequently to the ground, Stevenson is more popular today than he was on Election Day, 1948.

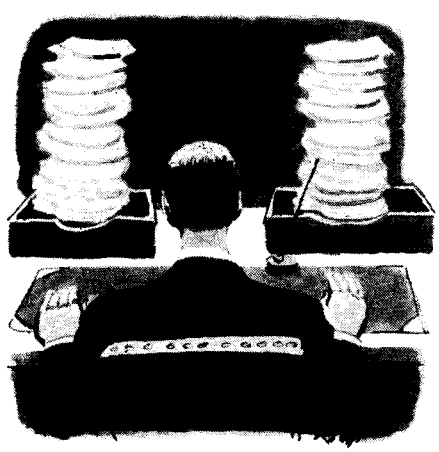
"I think people are sick and tired of old-fashioned political fencing," Stevenson said after the legislature had given him a long session of precisely that. "I don't think most people even care much about party labels any more. What they want is honest, sincere, courageous performance. And the sooner politicians realize that that's the best politics, the better it will be for them and the people." Naively or wisely, Stevenson insists on treating the electorate as if it had grown up. Some of his supporters, who thought he needed the common touch, once started calling him "Ad," on the theory that "Adlai" would repel the untutored mind. "Ad" is heard no more; and it was "Adlai" who got the 572,067-vote majority. During the campaign his followers also were dismayed by his habit, at fancy downtown Chicago restaurants, of depositing a conservative fifteen-per cent tip. They never succeeded in teaching their candidate that politicians are supposed to leave a trail of dollar bills, or better, behind them.

Stevenson was born into a political family. His father was an Illinois state official. His grandfather and namesake served two terms in Congress, and was Grover Cleveland's vice-president. His other grandfather was Jesse Fell, who helped found the Republican Party and toured the country in 1859 urging the nomination of his friend, Abraham Lincoln. The Stevenson genealogy includes Mildred Warner, who married Lawrence Washington, grandfather of George.

Adlai Stevenson entered government service in 1933, through George Peek, the first Agricultural Adjustment Administrator, on whose staff he served as an attorney for two years. He was also, briefly, assistant general counsel of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. Then he went back to Chicago as a partner in a leading law firm whose chief client was the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. He came to know Frank Knox, of the *Daily News*, very well.

As the threat of fascism grew, Stevenson joined up with, and led, the Chicago forces that were resisting the effort of Col. Robert R. McCormick and Gen. Robert E. Wood to convince the country that Hitler represented no danger to America. When the war broke out in Europe, Stevenson became Chicago chairman of William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. A year after Roosevelt called Knox to the Navy, Stevenson was made Knox's special assistant. In the First World War, he had served his country as an apprentice seaman.

Stevenson later headed the first economic mission to Italy, and represented Secretary of War Stimson in Europe when the United States Strategic Bombing Survey was being set up. Early in 1945 the State Department put him to work with Archibald MacLeish on preparations for the United Nations Conference. At San Francisco, he was the delegation's adviser and



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press officer. He went to London then as deputy to Secretary of State Stettinius in the UN preparatory commission. He stayed on as a member of the U. S. delegation to the first UN Assembly, and later served as an alternate delegate at other assembly sessions.

Starting in 1947, nearly everybody in Illinois politics, including Stevenson, expected him to run for Senator against C. Wayland Brooks, the *Tribune's* man, a Republican of an exceedingly old school. Paul Douglas was stumping the state with the governorship in view. At the eleventh hour, Jacob Arvey, the Cook County Democratic boss, surprised everybody by proposing that Douglas run against Brooks for Senator, and Stevenson against Governor Dwight Green.

Why Arvey did it has never been fully explained. Some say the organization leaders, thinking of the patronage to be passed out in Springfield, regarded Stevenson as a more reasonable man to deal with than the temperamental Douglas. Some say Arvey just had a hunch that the ticket would be stronger that way. In those days nobody really expected the Democrats to win anyway. At any rate, Douglas, the specialist in local problems, was sent to Washington, and Stevenson, the specialist in world affairs, to Springfield.

Characteristically, Stevenson set to work early in his campaign to study Illinois as a clinical problem. His backers learned that he had an odd aversion to delivering somebody else's speeches. He insisted on writing his own. Moreover, he insisted on studying each subject thoroughly before he wrote. He organized private seminars on taxes, constitutional reform, schools, welfare administration, and highways. His campaign took shape as a solid structure of ideas. He offered no spectacular innovations, but his voice had a convincing ring when he asked for a chance to "restore morals in Illinois government," to introduce order and efficiency into state administration.

The Republicans had been in office since 1940, and the moral tone of their stewardship had been set by Green's practice of handing soft jobs to Republican newspaper editors. Because he found so much that offended his sense of order and competence, Stevenson went to Springfield with the most ambitious program ever to be presented to a single session of the general assembly.

He wanted a constitutional convention to rewrite the state's organic law. He wanted more money for the common schools, and a reorganization of higher education. He proposed to consolidate welfare services. He asked legislation to plug up loopholes in sales-tax collection. He wanted state financial aid for cities. Old-age pensions and unemployment compensation, he believed, had to be increased to come up to the higher cost of living. Wartime neglect and overloaded trucks had beaten up the highways; he urged a higher gasoline tax to finance a major overhaul. He demanded a Fair Employment Practices law, to prove that Illinois could practice what Truman preaches. He wanted to take the state police out of politics; to professionalize the department of mines, whose laxity of inspection was widely condemned after the Centralia disaster; to revive civil service; and to tighten up criminal law enforcement in Chicago.

This last proposal brought him up against a bloc of legislators from Chicago's tough West Side—a few of whom had clear connections with the old Capone mob. Some were Democrats, some Republicans. All were opposed to the enactment of laws to improve the administration of justice in Chicago.

For many years, large-scale prosecution of organized crime, particularly syndicate gambling and police corruption, has been frustrated in Chicago by a legal quirk that compels a grand jury to break up after thirty days—scarcely long enough to get started on a big investigation. Elsewhere in the state and the nation, the life of a grand jury can be extended to ninety days, or longer if necessary. Legislation to put Chicago on the same footing was backed by Mayor Kennelly, State's Attorney Boyle, the bar associations, and Stevenson.

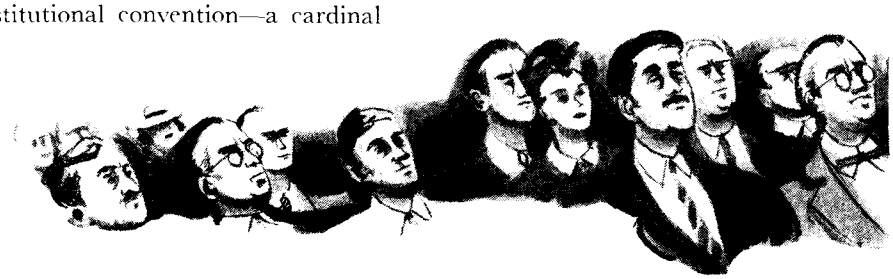
Early in the session the word came to the governor's office that if he wanted a constitutional convention—a cardinal plank in his platform—he could have it by permitting the grand jury bill to die in peace. This was the kind of deal many governors make—one which might even have been defended. Stevenson never even considered it. He pushed for the convention, and the West Side bloc defeated him. He pushed for the grand jury reform, and the West Side bloc defeated him again.

Stevenson's next lesson in practical politics came from the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. Its lobby organized a small businessmen's backfire against his FEPC program. The bill got through the Democratic House, but not through the Republican Senate.

Vital to Stevenson's budget was a bill to restore sales-tax collections in certain lines of business that had been exempted, one by one, in the courts. He had presented a budget calling for a fourteen-per cent raise in state expenditures. The extra spending would go for increased school aid, state support of municipalities, and higher old-age assistance. On the operating level, it was a tight budget. To squeak through, Stevenson critically needed the extra revenue to be yielded by higher tax collections.

The Senate Republicans soon made it clear that they had no intention of giving it to him. After defeating the revenue bills, moreover, they followed up with the blandly cynical maneuver of trying to pass his appropriations in their original form. Stevenson, who is a financial conservative, and who thinks that all government costs too much, was shocked. "I thought the Republican senators really believed in conservative financial management," he later confessed to the electorate. Disenchanted, he found himself fighting tooth-and-nail to trim his own budget. He succeeded by a single vote.

Altogether, Stevenson felt that he had not done badly in the legislature. He was beaten on twelve administra-



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tion measures, but twenty-one passed. Among those adopted were a fifty-three-per cent increase in aid to schools, a merit system for the state police, reorganization of mine inspection, inauguration of state aid to tuberculosis hospitals, and legislation designed to remove utility regulation from politics. He could point to an increase in unemployment compensation, accompanied by a decrease in the payroll tax; to strengthening of civil-service laws; and to the reform of local tax-assessment practices.

One odd legislative problem that plagued Stevenson was the "Cat Bill." This measure, passed by both houses, required that all town-dwelling cats be tied or leashed when allowed outdoors. The measure had been pushed by the "bird lobby," composed of Gertrude Charny of Chicago and a supporting cast of bird lovers, whose sheer persistence at session after session finally nagged the legislature into passing it. Stevenson vetoed the bill. "The problem of cat versus bird is as old as time," he wrote. "If we attempt to resolve it by legislation, who knows but what we may be called upon to take sides as well in the age-old problems of dog versus cat, bird versus bird, or even bird versus worm?"

Feline freedom aside, many of the big items of Stevenson's program failed, and he reported to the voters: "Maybe we tried to do too much, but I think campaign talk should be more than sweet, deceitful words. It's easy to talk big beforehand, and act small when the responsibility suddenly falls on you like a ton of coal. So I made a conscientious effort to do about everything I proposed in the campaign, and in terms of legislation it was a very large order."

More important than the legislative box score were the qualities Stevenson had shown in dealing with the Assembly. He proved that he could compromise without sacrificing basic principles. He displayed a talent for patient and intricate negotiation. He fought stubbornly for the things he had promised. Where he failed was in mobilizing political support for what he wanted from a legislature controlled by the opposition. He learned something of this art as he went along. He passed one of his measures by letting the Chicago *Tribune* know that one of its pet bills would be killed otherwise.

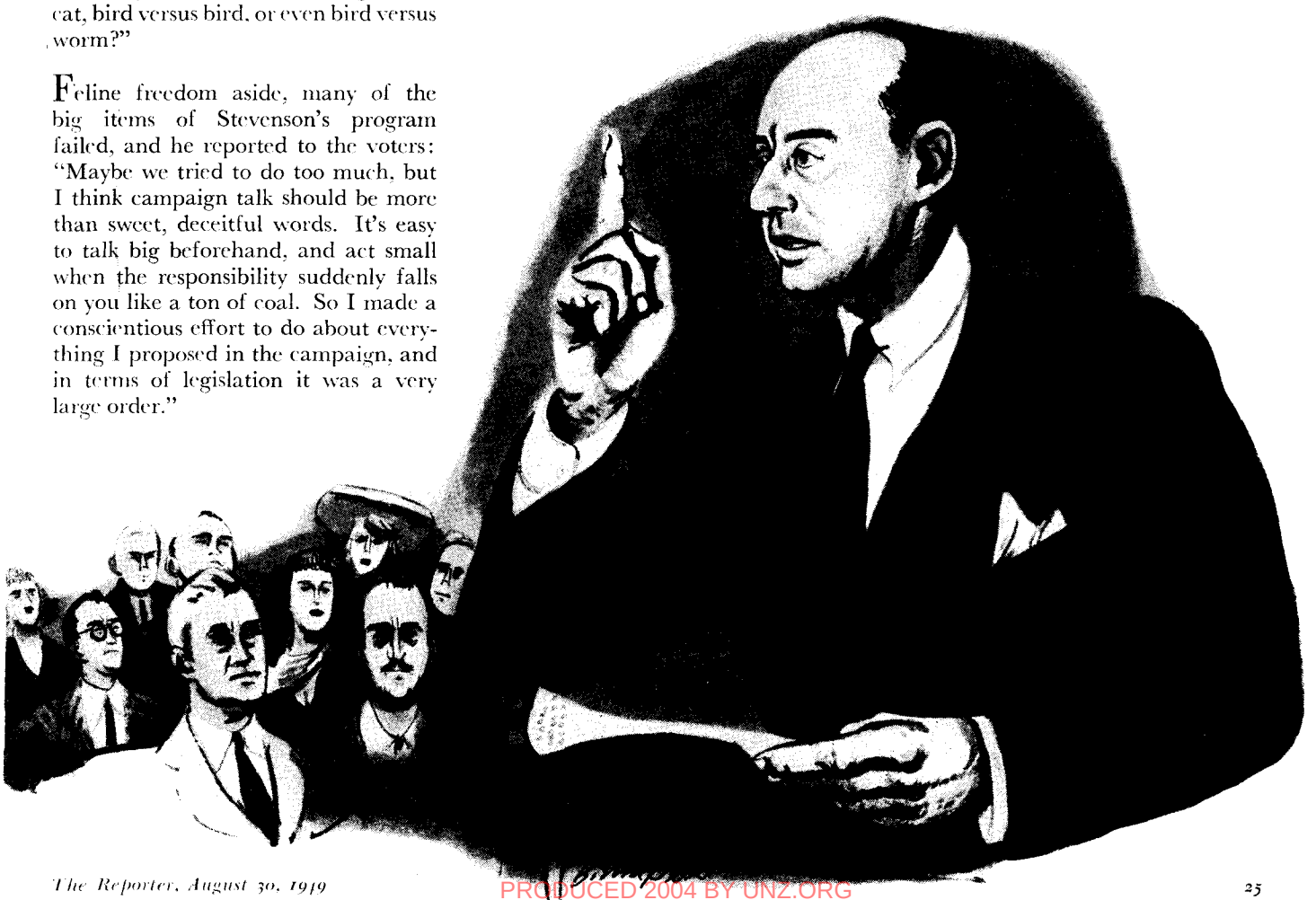
The Democratic organization is finding that Stevenson is not the soft touch some of its members had expected. In his first three months he permanently eliminated fifteen hundred jobs from the state payroll, and ordered his staff to lop off a thousand more.

A problem that Stevenson shares with other governors is the curious position of state government in America. Particularly in the larger states, it is a political backwater. People watch their local officials and their Federal officials, but state problems often bore them. In Illinois this has encouraged the growth of a tangled bureaucracy, has elevated petty graft almost to the status of an institution, and, together with a low salary scale, has made it extremely difficult to attract highly competent men into state service.

Stevenson has been learning these problems the hard way. Once, when he badly needed a Republican vote to pass one of his bills, he was astonished to find it offered for five thousand dollars cash. When he was trying to reorganize the commerce commission on a bipartisan basis, he was again appalled to learn that certain Democrats, as the price of going along, sought a promise that a notoriously venal Republican would be appointed to it.

Two tests lie ahead for Stevenson: the administrative task of introducing order and efficiency into state functions, and the political task of gaining broader support for his program in the 1950 legislative elections. If he makes a creditable record on both counts, he will be a Democratic figure to reckon with.

—Robert Lasch



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Inside America

From Where I Stand

Rich man, poor man—white man, black man—a man sees the world from where he stands.

I am a Negro woman — Northern-born; college-educated, but not the easy way, not by my family's clipping dividend coupons or collecting rents. I got my education because of the efforts of my mother, who, undaunted by a husband's desertion, washed, ironed, and cleaned, for two dollars a day plus carfare, to support her four children and to send me, the bookworm of the family, through college.

While growing up, we kids learned to work with what we had, in the virtual paradise back of the railway yards in Chicago where God had seen fit to place us. In those days two dollars a day supported a family of five in pretty good style.

Our back yard bordered on the Rock Island and New York Central Railroad switch-yards. Here, many of the coal trains destined for other parts of the country were made up, and in the process of coupling the cars, enough coal was knocked to the ground to keep the whole neighborhood supplied the year around—especially the families with sharp-eyed kids.

South of our house was a commissary of the Pullman Company, which meant that we got plenty of ice from the dining cars, as well as occasional boxes of French pastry, crates of bruised oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, half-emptied cans of ice cream, and yards of bed ticking. Two blocks away was a wholesale bakery, where the delivery trucks returned with their loads of unsold, day-old bread, cakes, and pies. I remember the bread was a cent a loaf. You think we weren't living fine?

At eleven, I went to work as a "mother's helper" for four dollars a week and board. I worked as a "live-in" domestic for many school years after that, and this environment, as much as any factor of my heredity, helped to fashion my life and my ambitions. I had lived fifteen glorious years before I fully realized where I stood as a Negro in America.

I can still recall the day of my enlightenment. Our history teacher had said, "With the Civil War ended, the states were reunited in peace, and, as one nation, started on their work of readjustment."

We, the Class of 1922 of P- - - High School, closed our textbooks. We felt unitedly grateful and personally responsible for having brought the war to an end in time for our graduation a week hence. The mutual feeling of comradeship exploded into adolescent chatter, and I looked around the class to catch the eye of some crony.

"Tomorrow," said the teacher, rapping with a pencil to restore order, "we will discuss a problem brought about by the Civil War and the freeing of the slaves. It is the problem of the Negro in America today—and what to do about it."

My eyes stopped searching the class. I looked at the teacher. What problem?

"There are five suggested solutions to this problem," he continued. "They are amalgamation, assimilation, segregation, deportation, and annihilation."

All eyes left the teacher and came to rest on me—the only Negro in the class. I looked down at my books. The quiet of all my fellow students in the seats around me was like a great big clock ticking away in an empty, lonely room.

I sensed rather than saw the class leaving. Suddenly, the thought of being left alone with the teacher—of his perhaps saying something to me—frightened me.

I quickly gathered together my books and left the room—alone, for the full meaning of segregation was beginning to dawn on me. I now knew something new about the way we had been living in the Black Belt.

I saw that I and my family, and all of the other Negroes, had been directed there, and there we were expected to remain. I thought differently of the fights between white and colored

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boys. Just boys fighting boys, I once used to say.

There had, however, been the riots of 1919, and I now recalled them. The main violence of those outbreaks was aimed at the Black Belt, a section on the south side of Chicago, three miles long and three blocks wide, where most of the city's hundred thousand Negroes lived. The white people to the east of the Belt, smug and aloof in their fenced-in brownstone mansions, ignored us; but those to the west, who lived in frame houses and struggled just as we did, seemed always to have a bone to pick with us.

Tension between the two poor neighborhoods had been mounting since the great influx of Negroes from the South had begun during the First World War. Negroes passing through the white section to work in the stockyards had begun to irritate our western neighbors.

One day a group of white youths at a beach had grown resentful of the presence of seven colored boys who had come there to swim. As one Negro boy began swimming in to join his already-dressed companions, a white boy stood up and aimed a stone at him, shouting, "Don't let him come in! Let's teach those niggers to stay where they belong!"

As the Negro boy huddled in the shallow water, a volley of stones fell around him. He was forced to swim underwater to escape. He headed down the beach to where his friends were standing, and a bunch of whites armed with sticks and stones started that way to head him off. His friends ran for cover. Seeing this, the boy ducked and headed back up the beach—reluctantly, for he was getting winded now from swimming under water—and besides, he had heard there were "suck-holes" up this way, and that the water was deep.

When they found his body a day later, his death had already been avenged by a well-liquored group of Negroes whom the boy's friends had met on the way from the beach. These men had struck out at the first white man they met. The riots were on.

The city authorities went into action. There could be no work stoppage, so from the first the police concentrated on getting the black workers to and from the stockyards.

The riots soon resolved into scattered bursts of violence wherever Negroes who worked in outlying communities were caught. (After that, they stayed home.) The incident that had started it all was forgotten in the tense hours of praying and waiting that filled our days. In retrospect, my mind sought out the whole episode as being particularly relevant: for it disposed of segregation as a possible solution of the Negro problem. Rather, it showed it up as the volcano it is—in quietness a menace, in eruption a killer.

Deportation? Annihilation? By whose decree? I remembered the advice given by one of the friendly white soldiers who had camped in our streets and patrolled the boundaries of the Belt during the riots.

"Hi, kid," said a tall, blond boy to me once. "How you doing?"

"O.K." I answered shyly. "How long are you soldiers going to be here?"

"Not long now. This will soon be over. But when we're gone be sure to keep your nose clean and Uncle Sam will take care of the crackpots."

"What's a crackpot?" I asked.

"Oh, a crackpot is a guy with cockeyed ideas about running other people's lives."

So much, I now thought, for deportation and annihilation.

Amalgamation meant intermarriage. Well, that was all right for the small percentage who wanted it. But as a wholesale plan to solve a social and economic problem, it would not work.

And so what was left? Assimilation. "Causing to become more harmonious or accordant with something, or with each other," read the dictionary. "A modifying of one thing to make it harmonize with another."

A plain, ordinary pattern of evolution, education, and economic improvement as a solution to a social problem. For the Negro, it would mean rousing himself from the stupor into which he sunk, when, reduced to slavery, he lost that thing to which every human has a right—dignity. Could he do it?

Perhaps the answer can best be summed up in a few stories, all beginning with, "Time was when."

One such story would be: "Time was when a Negro parent's ambition was to see his child with a high-school diploma." And another: "Time was when none of the stores and offices, even in the Black Belt, would employ Negroes."

And again: "Time was when no Negroes lived east of State Street."

Today, the race tries to gain perspective, and sees its progress held up while the migrating masses stagnate in their inability to bridge the gap between the conditions of living allotted to them in the South and those they find in the more cosmopolitan cities of the North. Now the race looks to the schools to speed up assimilation by varying the curriculums, so that in schools with practically one hundred per cent Negro attendance, courses designed to teach the science of community living may be offered from the first grade. It sees in such training a chance for the Negro to enjoy the benefits of governmental projects designed to bring better housing, more recreational facilities, improved health, and higher employment to the minority.

And from where I stand—as a product of the initial phase of Negro assimilation—I know that this is true: I know that the imparting of such knowledge engenders pride in working with others toward common goals.

ALYCE MCCOMB

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Le Tourisme

By Alan Dunn

"That's the trouble with a 1925 Baedeker --this should have been a tearoom."

"But going over we sat at the same table with Gerhart Eisler."

"It's more important than it looks. Hannibal went through here in 218 B.C. and Hemingway six weeks ago."

"Impressive, isn't it? It takes me right back to the time when I couldn't get butter."

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Education

A Vote for Academic Freedom

The principle of academic freedom, as set down by those who teach in our colleges, guarantees that no teacher can be dismissed for holding unorthodox views, provided he carries on his work without allowing these opinions to distort his students' education. Faculty members can be dismissed in a democracy (where all political opinions are to be tolerated) and in a university (where all ideas are to be discussed) for incompetence, neglect of duty, physical or mental incapacity, dishonesty or immorality, or conviction for a felony involving moral turpitude. Officially, administrators and professional associations recognize no other causes for dismissal.

The principle of academic freedom is generally accepted by people outside the universities, although usually without a clear understanding of its meaning. People are willing to grant academic freedom to those who have innocuous things to say, but not to those whose ideas are unorthodox, or who belong to an association or political party whose beliefs differ from the beliefs of boards of trustees.

It is only to deal with extreme situations that principles or laws are adopted. The extreme situation today is that of the teacher who believes in Communism, is sympathetic toward its philosophy, or is a member of the Communist Party. The question of what, if anything, to do about Communists teaching in colleges is the test of our principle of academic freedom.

Those who propose legislation against Communists as members of a political party, and against Communists as members of the American academic community, advocate this as part of the whole program of containment of the Soviet Union. It is foolish, and ingenuous, they argue, to give the political and civil rights of democracy to those who despise them and are doing everything they can to overthrow them. It is foolish, and dangerous, they insist, to allow Communists, either in or out of the party, to teach American youth in schools and colleges, where such teaching will spread distrust of American institutions. This, they say, is to invite our enemy to destroy us.

These arguments are, to a very great extent, made sincerely, and they point to a genuine difficulty and a danger. Those who have struggled with Communist Party members attempting to gain control of teachers' unions, labor unions, and liberal organizations of all kinds can testify to the bitterness of such struggles and to the vigor with which Communists press their point of view.

Another argument against protecting all radicals through the principle of academic freedom comes from those who genuinely fear the indoctrination of youth with subversive ideas, and who feel that young people in college are too immature to be able to deal with radical systems of thought, and should therefore be instructed principally in the values and operation of the American capitalist system, by those who firmly believe in that system. It is very easy to extend this anxiety beyond one's own children to all American youth, and to see in the present freedom of education great perils for our country's beliefs and values.

A third set of arguments comes from some members of college faculties and from a number of college presidents. These make the point that membership in, or cooperation with, the Communist Party automatically marks a teacher as unworthy of his profession, since party dictation in ideology and practice makes it impossible for him to teach the truth, and confines him to following the instructions of those who make party policy. Academic freedom should therefore not be given Communist Party members or followers.

Here again, the arguments are firm ones, and represent the honest views of those who have tried to consider the issue fairly, in terms of a philosophy of democracy and its present conflict with the philosophy of Communism. We can disregard the arguments from those who react violently to all intellectual freedom, who would like to restrict college curriculums to courses in American history, business management, ROTC, and home economics.

In my view, the issue of academic freedom goes much deeper than the question of whether to dismiss Communists from college faculties. Although I can understand the fears of those who would cure the difficulties by removing Communists, I cannot accept the philosophy of liberty or of education on which such proposals are based. This is to construe intellectual freedom simply as a means for encouraging orthodox talk. Truth can emerge only after the clash of ideas and emotions; it cannot be decided upon in advance, unless we are prepared to set down a political and philosophical dogma of our own to meet the Communist dogma head-on. Democracy and intellectual freedom both rest on a base different from the one Communism rests on.

Soviet Marxism-Leninism is a monolithic intellectual and political position, with an absolute goal, and shifting means to attain it. Democracy is a pluralistic outlook, with many goals, all leading to the ultimate spiritual and social welfare of the individual. Our greatest strength as a nation lies in our tremendous diversity of opinion and diversity of people. We can absorb ideas and values of all kinds; what holds us together is our belief in the in-

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dividual and our faith in the value he contributes to the sum of life in the United States. What gives our country's thought its vitality is the ceaseless struggle of men to gain acceptance for their own views. What marks our history from that of other countries is the way in which we have been able to absorb radical ideas into the flow of our philosophy, and to put them to work in the service of democracy. A philosophy of freedom is a philosophy of the extreme situation. It holds that suggestions for radical reform should be heard, and, if they are sensible, should be acted upon.

A cool analysis of the safety of the country, as far as Communism is concerned, would show four basic facts. Communism has little popular appeal, and the result of its political action program has been to kill the support of the electorate for any of its candidates or causes. It has no great intellectual backing, either inside or outside the colleges. With the exception of a few unions, it has lost any power it had with the masses of labor. It has little support from students in colleges, and has never been able to organize very effective student Communist groups. I would say, therefore, that there is little immediate danger to the system of the country from internal Communism, and I see no point in endangering the quality of American intellectual life by investigating political radicals or dismissing them from our faculties.

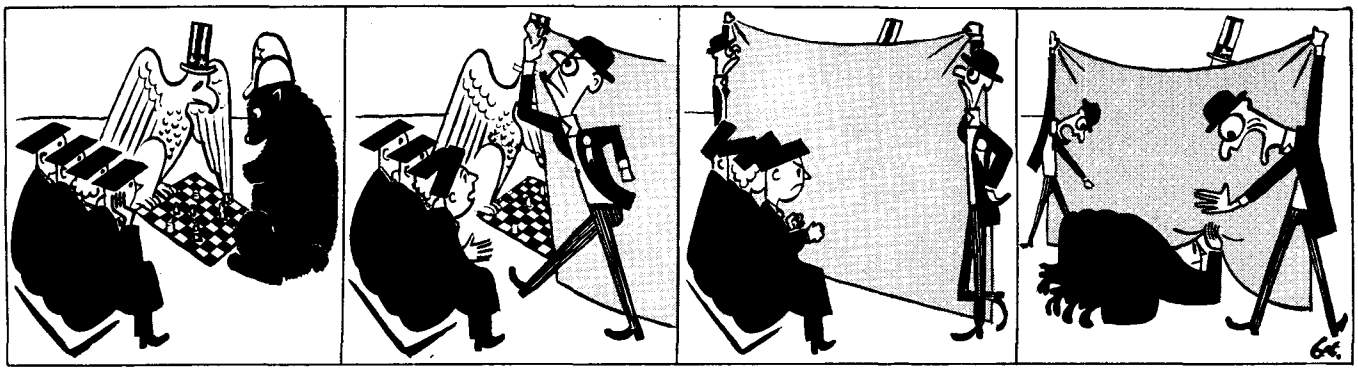
Nor do I accept the philosophy of education of those who are afraid to allow our students to study radical political theories with professors who believe in them or are sympathetic toward them. That viewpoint was expressed recently by an educator who said: "Students are the objects of education. They are in college to be educated." This I consider an insulting attitude toward students. Students are the *subjects* of education. The college exists for them, and must provide them with a chance to grow to the height of their powers. If education is conceived as something that is done to students by their elders, and it is assumed that the student is a passive victim of all those who hold academic power, it is natural to be frightened that an unscrupulous teacher, using his own radical doctrine as a weapon, would join in the general attack on the student mind and batter it into his own particular notion of virtue.

In my experience with students, I have found that they are, on the whole, very sensible, and that as far as politics is concerned, they fall into three groups. The first are those who possess such a superb mixture of lethargy and skepticism that they are insulated from all contact with political thought. Second come those who study politics and social philosophy as a preparation for graduate school, and usually wind up with no very modern ideas, Communist or otherwise. Last we have those with a radical germ in their minds, who enjoy the adventure of taking an extreme point of view, and work very hard at it in political action groups. In the third set are those who become most politically literate, and who create the environment of controversy from which good political education of the young can come. They raise questions which have to be answered. There is nothing as tiresome, listless, and harmless as an academic community in which everyone quietly agrees with the government. Unfortunately, this is the standard situation. We have more to fear from the harmlessness of the American academic mind than we have from the vigor of occasional radicals.

I believe that anyone who has the sense to listen while students talk about these things will quickly discover that the American student does not accept the ideas of his teachers as true, nor does he show any susceptibility to indoctrination. What the American student has is an *attitude* toward life, knowledge, and politics. He is usually gifted with democratic feelings. His posture is one of frank, outspoken criticism of those with whom he disagrees.

The student who is searching for an authority and an idea that can solve all his personal problems will accept any idea that comes along. He is rare. He is usually a person who lacks the emotional stability that can only come from a full life as a youngster. I believe that our first concern in education must be to develop the tough-mindedness and open-mindedness of the practicing democrat. I do not believe we can do this in an educational system that teaches that the way to defeat ideas is to get rid of the people who have them. The students themselves can be counted on to isolate the men of no integrity from those whose beliefs are honest. The colleagues of any politically-directed teacher can be counted upon to judge his character and the quality of his teaching, and to take faculty action if it is indicated.

In the end, the question of academic freedom comes down to whether or not the individual is a man of honor. We need to know whether he believes honestly in the things he says. We need to know his evidence for saying them. We need to know whether or not he cares about his students, and is trying to help them to think liberally and independently. When we answer these questions—and we can answer them if we ask them of our students and our teachers—we will know how to act in matters of academic freedom. We will also attain a power for educating our youth in intellectual democracy that can conquer all efforts to subvert the American mind. —HAROLD TAYLOR



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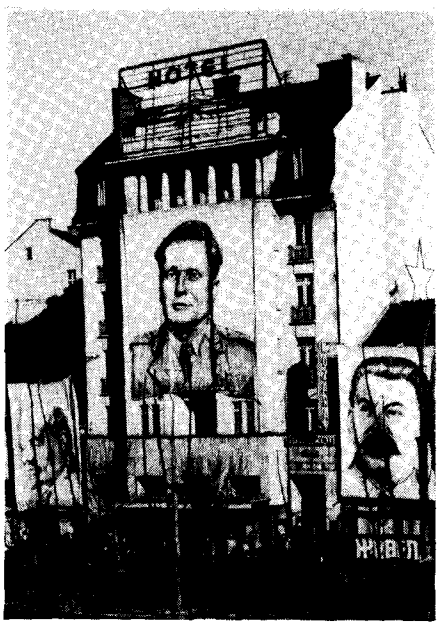
Belgrade

Tito Is Not for Sale



European

The day before the break . . .

Here in Tito's capital this summer, "Tarzan," the first recent American film to be imported, is playing to packed houses, and so is Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet." The police guard in front of the American Ambassador's residence salutes when the Ambassador enters or leaves. The same is true at the British Embassy. The French are not accorded quite this degree of respect, since all Belgrade knows that the French Ambassador continued to belittle Tito for quite some time after the break with Moscow. The Tito Government has now requested credit in London, in connection with the pending new British-Yugoslav trade agreement. It is also negotiating for an International Bank loan in Washington, and two private bank loans in New York.

The nationalized press and radio still go through the motions of damning "western capitalists" along with "Cominform imperialists," but the first attacks grow increasingly perfunctory, while the second are given pointed meaning by public trials of "enemies of the state," whose alleged connections are with the East. Every day the papers reveal more of the techniques of propaganda, prosecution, and persecution in the loyal Cominform countries. Only one step remains to be taken to complete the final shift of Yugoslavia's propaganda line from attack on the West to attack on the East. This step would be abandoning the routine abuse of western countries. If western relations with Yugoslavia continue to improve in the next six months as they have in the last six, many think the change would be automatic.

Perhaps more important than all this is the new attitude that Yugoslav officials and spokesmen have toward western diplomats and correspondents. Candor has crept in. Before the break there was no meeting of minds between East and West here, any more than in the other Russian-orbit countries. Conversations were dialectical debates, not efforts to reach some common ground. Such habits do not die easily, but there is perceptible evidence of a reawakening of the spirit of inquiry.

The split with Moscow marks no trend whatever back to private enterprise. Of Yugoslavia's seven million hectares of cultivated farm land, three hundred thousand hectares had been collectivized by January 1 of this year. By March 1 the figure was up to five hundred thousand hectares. By July 1 it was well over a million. This is supposed to be the result of "voluntary" action by the peasants. In Yugoslavia, the word "voluntary" still means what it does in other Communist states.

There is another side of the Yugoslav story that is of first importance to America. While Tito and Stalin still got along, Belgrade's planners had ambitious projects to modernize and industrialize Yugoslavia. Their eagerness to carry them out is all the greater now that they are on their own. For one thing, the Moscow charge that Yugoslavia has given up Communism and sold out to western capitalists has made the planners hyperconscious of their new régime and all that is supposed to go with it. They feel themselves under extra pressure to prove that they are what they claim to be—the only true Communists.

In the pre-break period Yugoslavia was trying to carry out its industrialization program with Russian technical assistance. After the rift the Russians were shipped home *en masse*. And with the resultant sanctions against Yugoslavia by all faithful satellites, Yugoslavs in training in those countries were expelled. Much had been expected from a corps of apprentices being trained in modern engineering techniques in Czech factories. If the Yugoslavs could be persuaded to relax and let their economy run by natural processes, a considerable degree of recovery would be apparent almost at once. But any westerner who gives such advice is at once suspected of wishing to reestablish the old order. And the isolation from Moscow, with its attendant dangers, intensifies the urge to speed the process of converting a peasant economy, dependent on imported manufactures, into a semi-industrialized one.

Marshal Tito has gained one economic advantage from the break: He is no longer being exploited by Moscow. He is free now to barter his copper and timber on western markets for trucks, gasoline, and machinery. Since the new trade deals are outside the framework of Moscow's colonialism, Tito can in theory do much better for his country. But his bargainers have little experience. Being suspicious of western governments, they have several times fallen into the hands of Swiss middlemen who have fleeced them in a large way. Also, they have had great diffi-

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culty arranging their purchasing priorities in any coherent pattern. Negotiations over the British-Yugoslav trade agreement have dragged interminably because Yugoslav planners have had to revise priority lists almost daily.

Tito's whole economy is further burdened by vast and extravagant plans that were conceived in the first flush of textbook modernism. As much brick, cement and structural steel have gone into New Belgrade, a film city intended to rival Hollywood; into an Olympic sports stadium; and into "collective" buildings for every town and village, as into factories, workers' housing, and roads. Much of the new construction amounts to made-work projects that have served the useful purpose of preventing unemployment, but have also contributed to inflation without adding substantially to the productivity of the country. Many of these party stage-sets are unfinished today. A section of the stadium cracked recently; there are reports that the foundations of the unfinished buildings of New Belgrade are sinking rapidly into sand.

The overambitiousness of Tito's planning is probably his greatest single weakness. It is easy to assume that the worst danger to this country of only sixteen million people comes from Moscow. Yet inside Yugoslavia this feeling isn't borne out. I have still to find a place where less sleep is lost over Moscow's propaganda barrage. Perhaps this temerity comes of ignorance. I think the most accurate definition of the attitude in Yugoslavia has come from M. S. Handler of the New York *Times*, who defined it as "freedom from defeatism." The Yugoslavs were not intimidated by Hitler's army, and they are not intimidated by Stalin's. On the contrary, they think that their own counteroffensive is hurting the Cominform more than the Cominform is hurting them. This can't be proved, but I suspect that they are right. Throughout eastern Europe dearly-won independence has been swiftly lost. Tito's press and radio taunt his neighbors with being satellites, and invite them to join him in a new commonwealth of Communist free nations. In this battle Moscow preaches the internationalism of the proletariat under Stalin's guidance, while Tito preaches independence. Time will show, I think, that Tito's slogan is more appealing than Moscow's.

The Russians have not been able to shake Tito with their propaganda. They have not been able to promote any mass defections from his Communist Party. They have tried sectional subversion in Macedonia without success. Moscow's assassins and saboteurs have failed to penetrate Tito's bodyguard or his secret police. The only Cominform weapon that has done Tito any real harm so far has been the weapon of economic sanctions. Meanwhile, the very extent of the Cominform attack has solidified Yugoslav national sentiment around the marshal. There can be no doubt that his popularity has grown. Even members of the dispossessed old order are beginning to think in terms of trying to work with him instead of against him. They recognize, correctly, that they have nothing to gain by destroying him when the alternative would be the return of Russian rule.

Moscow's attempts to subvert Tito's leaders and the rank and file of the Yugoslav Communist party have encountered peculiar difficulties. That party is much less subject to such subversion than any other non-Russian Communist Party. First, there is a small group of prewar Communists, numbering less than one per cent of the party. These men not only had a common association with Tito through the tribulations of prewar days, but have also been his partners in planning the political strategy that has led them first to power in Yugoslavia, and then into the open breach with Moscow. All are committed to those policies. Hardly one could expect to survive the purge should the Cominform ever re-establish its control over Yugoslavia. Next comes the thirty per cent of the party's half million members who fought as partisans with Tito. These are bound to him by a mystic tie that gives them a sort of Robin Hood psychology. The remaining seventy per cent is composed of opportunists who joined after the victory. They have not yet received any serious grounding in Marxism. In a party of such composition, there is relatively little chance for anyone bent on subversion.

If some of these people are perplexed and troubled by the turn of events, and some undoubtedly are, they still make stony listeners for the Cominform. Their worries are more than balanced by the long-standing preference of the Yugoslav for a native tyrant over a foreign one. So closely knit is the leadership, and so great the popularity of the leader, that even his disappearance would not necessarily be fatal to the political entity that now exists in Yugoslavia. Rule is by a régime that is closely knit, interdependent, and committed to a common line of policy. Were the leader to go, the lieutenants would inevitably try to re-form around some other of their members. They would have a good chance of winning. Western interests in Yugoslavia are founded on Tito's defection from the Cominform, but they have a wider base than just one man. The whole leadership of the Yugoslav Communist Party is committed to the doctrine of independent Communism just as the leader is —too deeply committed to be able to turn back.

So the serious question about Tito is not what Moscow can do to him, but whether he can make his independent economy work. If he can, he is immune to anything Moscow can do, short of assassination or war. If he can't, that is another matter. Making the economy work won't be easy.

This makes it difficult for him to accept help from the West, and difficult for the West to extend help. He has committed his economy to such uneconomic "prestige" projects as the New Belgrade film city. It will be hard for him to give them up, and hard for

European

. . . the day after

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the West to justify aid unless they are.

As a Communist, Tito is committed to nationalization and collectivization, and he has pressed them hard, particularly since the Moscow shift. Yet the West can hardly undertake to finance the costs of such measures, especially when they put a dangerous strain on the Yugoslav economy.

As the dictator of a state under concentrated fire from Moscow, and a state that contains within itself bitter internal hatred, Tito is bound to retain and even extend his secret-police controls. If he were to relax them, Serb and Croat might be at each other's throats again. A million persons died in the fighting that raged among Serbs and Croats from 1941 to 1945, while only 700,000 died in the war against the Germans which went on at the same time. But it is embarrassing for the West to aid a police state.

Tito is as safe from Moscow as any man in his position could be. But his security is not consolidated economically. And that consolidation requires both technical and financial aid that can come only from the West. The incentive to solving the paradox is that if Titoism can survive in Yugoslavia, and can somehow reconcile itself with the West, then the West will be in possession of a formula that might work in other satellite states. Certainly there is no other solution now in sight that has the slightest chance of weaning them away from Russia. It might have been more pleasant for the West to win back a country from Moscow via a Cardinal Mindszenty than via a Marshal Tito, but Cardinal Mindszenty is behind bars, and Tito remains the sharpest thorn in the U.S.S.R.'s flesh.

There is one final thing that should be said of Marshal Tito and his people. They do possess the priceless quality of being unable to understand defeatism. It doesn't occur to them that there is any reason why they should be afraid of Stalin's army, his secret police, his propaganda, or his economic sanctions. One may sneer at New Belgrade, built on sand in defiance of the rules of engineering; at the economic absurdity of nationalizing flower carts; at the political hazard of attempting to collectivize twelve million land-loving peasants. But one cannot question Yugoslavia's courage, or readiness to defend its independence from Moscow.

—Joseph C. Harsch

Florence

G. I.'s and Giottos

In Florence these days you can scarcely see Ghiberti's golden doors through the gaping crowds of American tourists, and the halls of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries echo with half a dozen languages, of which ours is not the least conspicuous. Those of us who have been living here for some time as G.I. students look at this summer migration with the superior eyes of permanent residents. We do not like to identify ourselves with these birds of passage, with their garishly checked jackets and their slung cameras. We have done all these galleries many times before. We were here during the bitter Florentine winter, when the eight winds of Tuscany roared down from the hills, and the sky wasn't so blue nor the Apennines so green; then we sat at lectures huddled in overcoats, blowing on our fingers. This, we feel, entitles us to quasi-citizenship; we have endured the winter. We are not mere trippers; we speak the language, and some of us have grown to prefer black Italian *caffè* to our own.

There are about four hundred American veterans studying in Italy under the G.I. Bill. Most of them are in Rome; approximately fifty are here in Florence, and the rest are scattered sparsely throughout the peninsula, studying singing in Milan, painting at Perugia, or medicine at Bologna. Almost all the students here are taking the special Corso per Stranieri, given three semesters a year by the University of Florence; a few others are enrolled at the Accademia di Belle Arti or at other art schools. Florence, of course, has attracted many who wish to study the Italian Renaissance on the site of its highest achievements, under a sky dominated by the superb campanile of Giotto and the perfect symmetry of the Brunelleschi dome. Ancient *palazzi* present exactly the same appearance they did during the heyday of the Medici, and the olive-green Arno looks as it did when Savonarola's ashes were thrown into it.

After the First World War, Paris was the nursery of many of our fledgling novelists, painters, musicians. Do these G.I.'s in Florence, like their fathers disillusioned by war, repelled by "materialistic" America, also seek voluntary exile amidst the older culture of Europe?

Patterns of history are never identical. I cannot speak of France—which still remains the greatest point of concentration for Americans in exile—but here in Italy one senses that the veterans are living in much the same spiritual climate that nurtured Gertrude Stein's lost generation. The diplomatic war is offered as sure proof of the meaninglessness of the shooting war. Political disillusionment, and its offspring, political indifference, are very much in evidence. In this Communist-administered city, few veterans trouble to investigate the lives of the workers on the other side of the Arno. The political maneuvers of Lorenzo the Magnificent are more familiar to them than the political maneuvers of Palmiro Togliatti. The factional struggles of Dante's Florence assume aesthetic patterns; but who cares about the factional splits in the Italian Socialist Party today? Dead history is a legitimate part of culture; living history is just unpleasant.

"I never read a newspaper," a young American painter said boastfully to me the other day. "I'm not interested in politics." I had referred to a Partisan demonstration held in the Piazza Signoria on April 25. My friend wasn't there; he was in his Lung' Arno studio, painting, his back turned to the win-

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dow in order that he might not be distracted by the magnificent view. As in the 1920's, abstractionism of one variety or another is the dominant mode among the more vital younger artists; formalistic excitement must compensate for the absence of humanistic values.

Is it any wonder that many of these former G. I.'s, born during the First World War or immediately after, suckled on depression, snatched out of school to serve four or five years in the Army, now in their late twenties or early thirties, are still unable to find meaningful direction for their lives? Thus, while many study seriously, to others these *wanderjahren* at the government's expense are postponements of decision. Like itinerant medieval students, they wander from Grenoble to Florence to the Sorbonne, spending a term or so at each of these ancient schools. The exchange rate is not as favorable as in the 1920's; it is almost impossible to live on the subsistence allowance of seventy-five dollars per month for single veterans, or $105 per month for married men without children. The Veterans Administration permits limited supplementary earnings; but jobs are not likely to be found in a country plagued with unemployment; most students get small contributions from home, or depend on savings. Small as incomes are by American standards, the average G.I. student here is probably receiving more than his professor.

The formally attired Italian businessman can never be convinced that these boys wear suntans or blue jeans because they cannot afford better. His explanation is that all *Americani* are *simpatici* but *eccentrici*. Since we come from a country where everyone is rich, obviously our careless dress has nothing to do with the state of our budgets.

Curiosity, preparation, postponement—these, I should say, are the motivations that have brought most G.I. students here: Curiosity that was whetted by war experiences or by rumors of a new Italian Renaissance; preparation to teach or to create; postponement of the inevitable day when the dull job will have to be accepted in the dull town and one will have to enroll for life in the army of wage-earners, with only a blurred memory of these wonderful years. There are, of course, the usual quota of escapees from Momism, restless adventurers, and just plain loafers. But the overwhelming majority make serious efforts to learn the language, to see the pictures, and to read the literature. Only around ten per cent, however, try to discern the shape of the future that is being hammered out on this anvil between East and West.

Among the veterans, Negroes form a special group of what I would call American Displaced Persons. Many of them have been here now for more than five years—in suntans and in mufti. Few in number, these are the true exiles, the voluntary D.P.'s.

"When am I going home? . . . *Never*, I hope." Whether spoken with a smile, a weary shrug, or a bitter, curled lip—the reasons are the same: "First time in my life I've been treated like a human being. Nobody here cares about the color of my skin. I'm married to an Italian girl. In Italy we can live anywhere we want if we have the money. Why should I go back to Jim Crow and colored slums? I've tried to explain that to my wife. . . . She's dying to go to America. . . . She can't understand what I'm talking about. . . ."

When their G.I. certification runs out, these American D.P.'s find jobs, no matter how precarious, that will enable them to remain here. One I know raises Angora rabbits; another coaches Italian teams in basketball, a sport that is catching on rapidly here. Others are writers or painters or musicians. Johnnie Kitzmiller, a veteran, whom many Americans saw in *"Vivere in Pace,"* is one of the Italian film favorites. Down in Rome I heard a broadcast variety show wherein two American Negro comedians were convulsing the audience with their incongruous mixture of Neapolitan and G.I. gags.

The bitter truth is that the Negro veteran finds more democracy in defeated ex-Fascist Italy than in his own victorious America. I don't think this proves that Italians are intrinsically more democratic about racial relations than Americans are. A basis for comparison would only exist if one-tenth of the Italian population were Negro, and the country had gone through a bloody war on the freedom issue. As it is, the Negro is accepted here—as in France—as an oddity, a fascinating touch of the exotic. He offers no economic threat; he carries with him no

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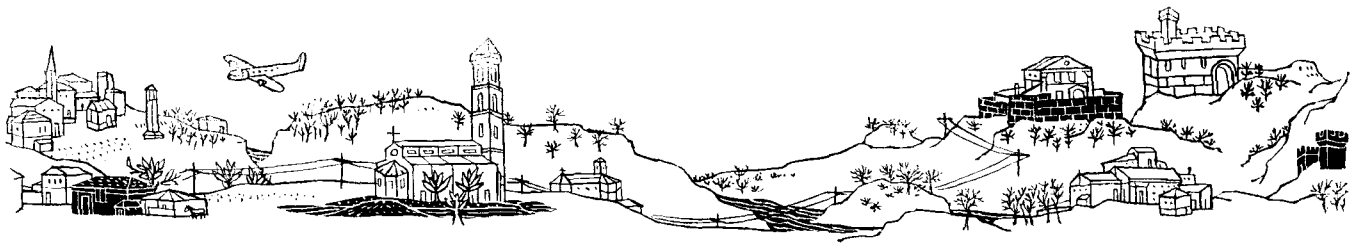

memories of fraternal strife. Here he experiences democracy by default.

Recently I spent a weekend at the villa of a lawyer on the Island of Elba. Three of us—a professor from the University of Florence, my lawyer friend and myself—walked about the grounds, on which were well preserved remains of an ancient Roman villa. Formally addressing each other as *Avvocato* and *Professore* (though they were old friends), my two companions discoursed on Roman architecture, with appropriate Latin quotes from Horace. Then the conversation turned to the iron works at Portoferraio. The works were badly bombed, said the lawyer sadly, and as a result almost the entire population of the island is unemployed. "Have you inquired into the possibilities of getting Marshall Plan funds to put the plant into operation again?" I asked. "Some ECA experts came down here," said the man of law. "They decided that it wasn't economically feasible. We'd need all new equipment, and also where would we get coal?"

I began to discuss this problem, and suddenly I noticed that the lawyer was listening to me with greater care than he had listened to any of my previous remarks. He nodded his head in approval and turned to the professor. "You see. He's an American. He's *practical.*" But when I had spoken about literature (a subject with which I am somewhat more familiar than ferro-economics), the lawyer had not paid me such respectful attention.

For even the inundation of millions of American soldiers failed to dislodge preconceived myths about the United States. We are still, in the minds of many Europeans, *simpatico* but simple, friendly but naive, excellent engineers but utterly lacking in appreciation of art, two-dimensional doers rather than three-dimensional thinkers, the new Romans conquering, with raw power, the culturally superior Greeks.

Sometimes this concept takes amusing forms. I discuss Bach Flute Sonatas with a Florentine friend. "Oh, but you are really European." What? I read *I Promessi Sposi* before I came to Italy? "Well, you are not typically American." If I were "typically" American I would be drinking straight Scotch at this very minute in Leland's café.

"How magnificent!" I said to the custodian of the Orthodox Baptistry at Ravenna, who was examining my wife and me as we were examining the fifth-century mosaics on the ceiling. "We have nothing like that in America." "Oh," she said with a smile, "We have the art and you have the money." Nor was there the slightest trace of condescension in her tone. She was merely stating a fact of nature.

Here, certain values are beginning to fall into perspective. I was a European in New York; I am an American in Florence. If now I am able to read Torquato Tasso in the original, I am also discovering new meanings in Walt Whitman. As I walk about these streets of Florence, with their long, lonely Di Chirico perspectives, I mourn the clapboard drabness of an American prairie city of equal population, or I exult in the athletic thrust of the New York skyscrapers.

In this ancient and beautiful country, one realizes anew how little we Americans are encumbered by the past. We walk with long, easy strides, with no burden of tradition on our shoulders. But here the past weighs heavily. As one stares at the Giottos in the semi-gloom of Santa Croce, one remembers with a start that these frescoes were on the wall before America was discovered. Everywhere there are ruins, whether they are bleached columns against the blue sky, or the more formless and depressing wreckage that the Nazis left at the approaches to the Ponte Vecchio.

The Italian likes to tell you that he is at heart an anarchist. He compares Anglo-Saxon "discipline" with Latin "individualism." With regard to politics this is undoubtedly true; but folkways here are frozen in a ritual of habit more standardized, more rigid than the most mocking dreams of Sinclair Lewis. The American combines a cautious conservatism in political institutions with an infinite freedom in personal habits. The Italian, on the other hand, may be a republican one day, a Fascist the next, and a Communist the next, but the basic pattern of individual folkways remains very little changed. The "anarchy" here in Italy, I am convinced, is not a living, creative force. It is, paradoxically, a ritualized anarchy. It is not individualism as we know it, either in politics, or love, or diet. Even disorganization here is standardized. Mistakes are not an index of freedom when the same mistakes are automatically repeated. But what is hopeful is that beneath the shell of form there is an enormous vitality and a willingness to work hard, even with little hope for the future. It is significant that existentialism has never taken root here.

So, observing and observed, we take in new sights. One hears among the veterans admiring references to Gary Davis's World Citizenship Movement. Utopian, perhaps, but easy to understand. Frontiers, once crossed, seem highly artificial.

—SIDNEY ALEXANDER

"But why are the Americans here? Oh, a few of 'em to get social credit for it, back home, or to sell machinery, but most of 'em bless 'em, come here as meekly as schoolboys, to admire, to learn!"—Sinclair Lewis, *Dodsworth.*

". . . Rome . . . like a long decaying corpse, retaining a trace of the noble shape it was, but with accumulated dust and fungous growth overspreading all its more admirable features."—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun.*

"America is my country and Paris is my home town and it is as it has come to be."

"It is not what France gave you but what it did not take away from you that was important."—Gertrude Stein.

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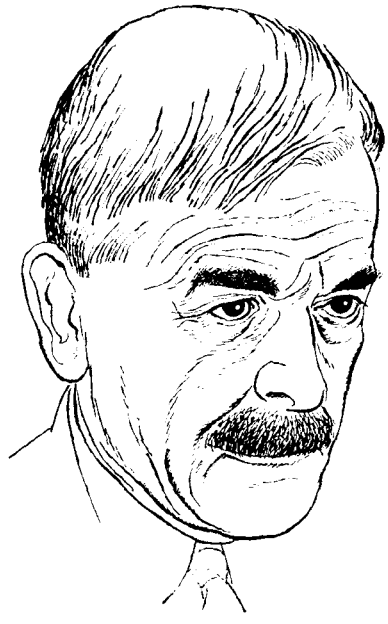
Books

The Stars and the Questions



C.-F. Ramuz. 1878-1947

The Swiss do not have to be saved from Communism. They make cheese and watches; their government is stable (no once over here can tell you who is President of Switzerland); they have no starving children wandering about, no war ruins to show. They have mended the only ruin they had, the one we made when we bombed Schauffhausen, thinking it was German. The result of this happy state of affairs is that we often think the Swiss are dull—a nation of hotelkeepers—dull, and innocent too, on the whole more innocent than dull. For they have not shared the hatreds of our contemporary world, or its wars. The Swiss have remained neutral.

The dissolute man hates innocence, but he is forever drawn to it, peering at it, marveling at it. It is somewhat in this spirit, meaning no offense, that we look at this Swiss society in which Protestants—real Protestants, believing and strict Protestants, Calvinists, for instance—and Catholics—real, strict Catholics—live harmoniously together, (they once had their troubles, of course, but they settled them long ago); in which a Germanic culture, a French culture, and an Italian culture exist side by side without anyone having any idea of proposing that it would be more convenient or patriotic if everyone were forced to speak some invented hogwash that would be called Swiss; in which a peasant life, agricultural and pastoral, still survives and still has its word to say in government, no matter how many hotels there are in the Swiss mountains and on the shores of the lakes, no matter how many banks there are, and industries, and problems of foreign exchange.

In our world everyone is supposed to take sides. There must be no neutrals. That is the way it is also in some schools: All the little boys are divided into two camps, the Mohicans and the Iroquois, or, at Westover, the little girls into Wests and Overs. This is done to promote the spirit of competition. Switzerland is the child, frowned upon, who says that he won't play. Sometimes such children, later, have points of view of their own.

C.-F. Ramuz, who died in 1947, was a Swiss novelist and essayist. Like everyone in Switzerland who writes in French, he hastened to Paris as soon as he could get enough money to go there, but he did not stay in Paris. Claudel, Gide, and Valéry recognized his talent; it was not disappointed ambition that sent him home; nor was it any rigid theory about regionalism; it was simply that he wanted to write about the people from whom he came, or, more precisely, that he wanted to live among the people of the Canton de Vaud. He wrote about them because he was an artist.

Had he stayed in Paris (had Switzerland been a belligerent in the two wars) Ramuz, no doubt, like the rest of us, would have been obliged to take sides. There is no resisting the pressure when you are in a city of a country that is in a great war, or in two great wars one after another. You are obliged to worry about the affairs of the city and the affairs of the nation. Not in any complicated or ideological sense: it is, simply, that you have to get into an army and perhaps even get killed. Or, if you are in a country like Spain, then there are two armies to get into, and, even without the armies, the streets are dangerous enough.

But it need not be as dramatic as that. Even when there is no fighting, when you are in a great city or a complicated modern nation, you become concerned with the relationship between labor and capital, which means only that you are worrying about making a living; you become involved, through the newspapers, in all sorts of emotions about crime, graft, and injustice; you are plunged into incessant and vicarious excitement. Had Ramuz stayed in France he would have had to take an active position, writing his novels of course, but, like Mauriac, Gide, and all the other French writers, commenting on this and that in the newspapers, entering into politics, dominating politics or being submerged by them.

That is a proper responsibility for the writer in the community of his city and his nation. There is no escaping it. It is only that when the writer's city happens to be a small village on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, with the vineyards rising up from one terrace to another, and his nation is a nation at peace, then a great number of things cease to be his immediate business. He is not an Italian; he observes Mussolini's rise to power, but he is not obliged morally to get himself sent to prison or off to Lipari or to another of the prison islands. He is not a German; he observes and condemns Hitler, but it is

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still perfectly all right for him to sit under the elms at the café, drinking his three deciliters of white wine, while he waits to watch the evening boat to Geneva pass by. He is not French—although he loves France—and so he does not have to monkey about with the Vichy régime, or join the Resistance.

It just happened that Ramuz's business as a Swiss citizen, as a moralist, an observer in the classical tradition, and an artist, was to deal with the human beings whom he knew, the people immediately close to him, the community in which he was a part. It was the questions that the Swiss of the Vaudois region asked that he had to answer. The Vaudois people are not Parisians.

The questions they asked were not political; they were very simple; they were not even expressed in words; they were the kind of questions that it is embarrassing to put in words; they were not even contemporary, for they were the ageless questions that man has always asked. They are summed up in one central question, *What is Man?* (Pantheon, $2.75.)

There was nothing in the life of these Vaudois peasants—the men who grew the grapes for wine, or those higher up in the pasturelands—that could distract them from their dependence on the earth and on the seasons:

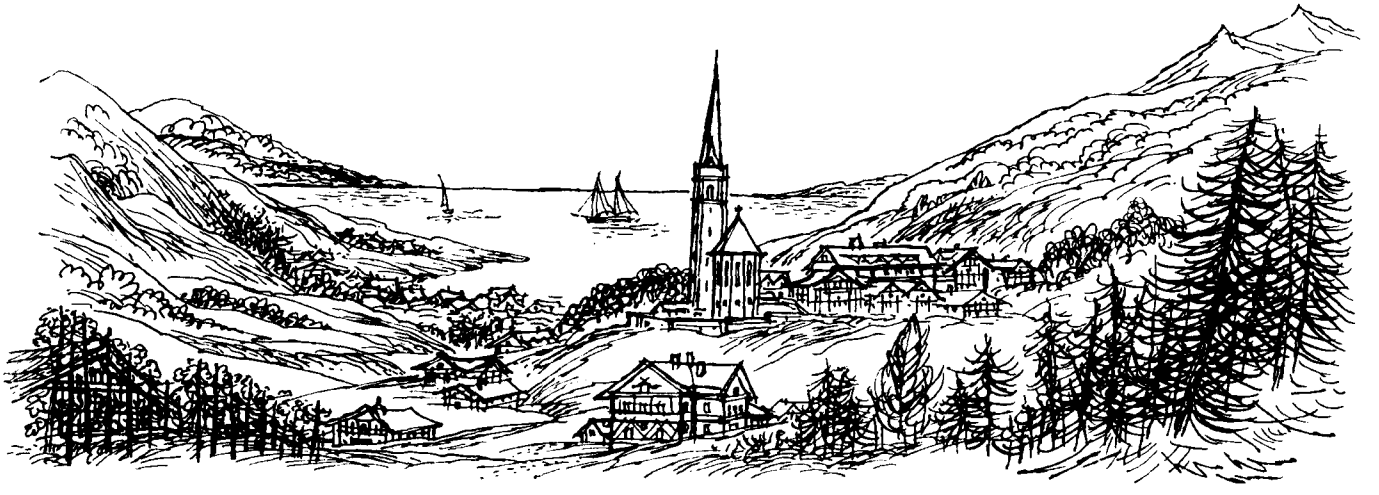
"You patiently endured the changing seasons, since you did not cause them, and could not control them and they succeeded each other through endless winter, spring, burning summer, autumn; turning round the axis of the year like the four little cars on the carrousel at the fair, painted gray, green, yellow, red, always appearing and disappearing in the same order, with their promise, their threat, their caprices—though sometimes they keep their promise, for after all there are years when the wine is good and the crops are good—but you never can be sure in advance. . . .

"And for everything you depended on the sky and the stars, watching the most beloved of them all—the most useful, the one best known to you—rise above the horizon in the east, fall beneath the horizon in the west, following its course from year's start to year's end. You cried out: 'The sun is rising!' and you said: 'And now it has set.' But there was this intimacy between you, though the sun was often your enemy: when it shone too steadily, drying out the grass to the roots, or when it shone only intermittently and no longer stirred life in the grass and the grass did not grow. But you felt a basic harmony everywhere, since to be a peasant is not a profession but a condition, something that lasts, something that seems always to have existed, something that one does not expect to abandon . . . something handed down from father to child. For it never occurred to you that the sun could change, or ever had changed.

". . . veneration was still abroad in the world: even in Hesiod's day the traveler was told to salute the calm flowing river before crossing it. The peasant venerated a person or a thing: behind the lightning was Jupiter, behind the waves Neptune. The peasant lived in a world everywhere inhabited not only by himself or by men like himself, but by certain presences or by a single great Presence."

There was nothing that could distract these men from looking up at the sky in the evening after the long day's work: "The heavens we see and the heavens we do not see are filled with innumerable stars circling round and round. What does it mean? Does it mean anything? The planets turn round the sun, the sun turns round something else, that something else turns round still something else, and all this makes our Milky Way; yet even the Milky Way is nothing at all because it, too, revolves round something greater than itself. I am a human being. What is my stature?"

That was always the question: did man count for anything at all? "When the peasant of antiquity looked up over the hills in the rose-colored mists of morning and saw Venus, she was not much taller than the women of his village. . . . There was nothing in the gods that man could not immediately understand, since everything in them was but an extension of himself; since the deeds of the gods were human deeds, their passions human passions and, like the human beings above whom they dwelled, they too were inter-related and bound by family ties. They too, like human beings, were fathers and sons, husbands and wives; they too were jealous, passionate, envious, and full of hate. . . . In all our world [thought the peasant of antiquity] there is nothing which is not composed of the same elements as we are, the outer elements and the inner, the form, feeling, attributes, temper, ge-ture or mood—they are all present everywhere. The gods are human; they have beards or are beardless; they laugh with our laughter; they have our



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voices, our tridents, our cloaks, our sceptres, our bows and arrows; our humor, our tears, our despairs and our joys. They live on the world's summits and their presence completes the world. They are found at the ends of the world and at its center. They command not only the earth and the waters but the air and the trees. They encompass all space which is made to their measure—but they are made to our own."

Of course all this has little to do with the politics of the 1930's, when Ramuz was writing. Nor, perhaps unfortunately has the following passage: "In Christian times, the peasant, looking up at the stars, saw God. What did it matter how immeasurably greater they were than himself, since God saw him, the peasant, and loved him, no matter how small he was? Not only did the peasant of Christian times see God with inner certainty, but God saw him. It was through his intelligence that he knew; it was through an intelligence—Intelligence itself—that he was known, and, linking these two intelligences, there was the bond of love."

The conclusion was inevitable: "What then does it matter [thought the peasant of Christian times] if our little earth and we ourselves, we men upon it, play a mechanical part in this fatal evolution [toward the end of the universe]? For here [says Ramuz] I must point out that the disaster is prodigious, and that it is not just a disaster to each one of us as persons, but also to all we have thought, all we have felt, all we have made, to all our achievements, to all our masterpieces, all our paintings, all our sculpture, and not only to our palaces, but to our simple homes; to all our inventions, to all our machines, to all that justifies our existence, to everything in which we take pride. . . . The foundations of everything shall pass, by which I mean the earth, and our sun, and our solar system, returned at the last to a pale gaseous substance without consciousness or memory, suspended, lukewarm, conscious of nothing, not even of itself, somewhere in the infinite. But what does all this matter, says the Christian. . . ?"

What is happening is that the pagan relationship between man and the universe is gone, and of the Christian relationship all that we see illuminating the surface of men's minds—for we cannot see into their hearts—is a pale reflection—like that of the afterglow on the mountains. So that for the time being man stands uncertain, lost in the immense universe science is discovering: "A hundred million men now suddenly feel themselves lost in space, just when they have lost their faith; or rather, to be exact, the realization of space has made them lose their faith. It is therefore as though they were twice lost, twice deprived of their human dimensions.

"To Christian mythology communism now opposes the myth of Hercules: it combats the hydra, pursues the wild boar. Christianity is based on resignation; while communism, which is a form of integral humanism, refuses resignation . . . Inherent in humanism is the primacy of man . . . Man comes first. There is no God above him. Either God commands or man commands. . . . There is no middle way. The middle ways, the compromises by which we live, are only makeshifts. They are prompted by the needs of the human heart, needs which man cannot quite deny even when he is convinced that he lives by reason alone. . . . Thus every man, in his innate diffusion, represents the various stages of mankind throughout the centuries: where mankind came from, but also where mankind is going; the starting point, but also the goal—and either both are God, or neither are God. . . .

"But perhaps the atheist lacks imagination. . . . For without God man is inevitably ephemeral in an ephemeral world. . . . Yet he is not only asked to make the best of this impermanence, but even told to be proud of it. He must build, knowing that all he builds will be destroyed, knowing that nothing lasts, knowing that neither he himself nor what he creates will last. This is why he takes refuge in the idea of society. He renounces his own existence and transfers his private hopes to the collective hopes of mankind. If he achieves any progress, it is only a fraction, for real progress must be made by mankind as a whole. . . . He must reconcile himself to his death by accepting the idea that, in reproducing himself, he attains a certain kind of immortality, an immortality for mankind—or if not strictly speaking an immortality, at least a sufficiently long lease on life to make the effort worthwhile. Those who are satisfied with the idea of relativity say [that society will last] a 'million years.' and believe that they have said all that needs to be said.

"Yet are they not looking at things somewhat too narrowly? Are they not using too small a scale? They count up to a million—a high number—and believe that they have said all that needs to be said.

"But add millions to millions and still you have nothing, because it is only a part, and a part is nothing, if you have not the whole."

This is strange kind of talk, and of course the State Department cannot spend its time worrying over the idea that the world should only last another million years. The great majority of people who object to Communism do not suppose that it has come into the world because of what the "peasant of antiquity" saw when he looked up at the stars, or because of what the "peasant in Christian times" saw later on. For that matter, in New York, the last time there was anything to look at in the stars—it was an eclipse of the moon—one observed the curious spectacle of numerous people standing in the streets, with the eclipse immediately overhead, staring through the windows of barrooms to watch it on the television set.

Yet Ramuz, writing this book in the years between the wars, by the Lake of Geneva, watching the arrogant swans, and the lake steamers passing by with little orchestras playing on deck for the tourists, watching, too, his compatriots working in those fields that have been theirs since pagan times, and throughout the Christian era (who, after all the bad guesses, would dare supply dates?), still has something to say to us.

It is that first things come first. The first things are not in the realm of economics, or politics, or social service, or ethics, or war. The first things are not in the theory and practice of Communism, or democracy, or distributivism, or "back to the land." They do not have any connection with the possession of the atom bomb, or the gold in Fort Knox. They do not regulate production, or advertising, or public relations. The first things are things of the gods or of God. (Ramuz was neither Catholic nor Protestant.) It is not until these primary matters are settled that one can proceed with a civilization.

—G. P.

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Contributions

The Reader Reports

The articles appearing on this page were contributed by readers in response to the theme question:

Does the consumer benefit from government aid to farmers?

Interlocking Grip on Economics

Although the opposing forces are not well defined, the conflict itself is clearly discernible. The fundamental question: "Is the individual dependent upon other individuals in modern society?"

The farmer, as amazing as it may seem, has recognized undeniable interrelationships in our economy. He has discovered them the hard way. When the market price of cotton dropped, he produced more cotton and drove prices down further. The farmer's counterpart, the industrialist, learned earlier. He has known for a long time that it is good business to curtail production in the face of falling prices.

Through ordeal by poverty, the farmer has discovered that his welfare is squarely dependent upon that of the consumer and upon that of every member of this complicated economic fraternity.

The farmer is but a small segment of our national community. Yet his welfare affects the welfare of the entire community. The adversity of the West Virginia coal miner, the poverty of the Mississippi sharecropper, the wretchedness of the New York slum-dweller, are all inextricably related.

The government, in its soil-reclamation work and scientific research, provides the consumer with a constantly better product at lower prices. Development of more nutritional foods and other easily marketed commodities has not been a boon to the farmer alone. The consumer reaps a rich reward.

In its parity program the government assures a long-submerged economic group a subsistence. The ultimate beneficial effect of the subsistence grant will be felt in every element of our economy.

The entire question resolves itself into the simple one of recognizing the innumerable interrelationships that make each of us dependent upon his neighbor, and then achieving that degree of cooperation necessary to insure an acceptable standard of living for all.

GEORGE R. THATCHER
Gulfport, Mississippi

Inefficiency Rewarded

The publication of most Department of Agriculture documents, as well as the technical assistance of such trained specialists as represent the Soil Conservation Service and the Extension Service, are efforts designed to help the farmer overcome problems and do a more efficient job. Inseparable from this efficiency would be more production units from a given piece of land with very little additional effort, or in many instances even less.

Such influences are effectively nullified by the more direct types of subsidy represented by the old Agricultural Adjustment Administration payments or the current system of parity prices without production controls. These general handout schemes, in effect, are so designed that they reward even the least efficient farmers at a rate generous enough to keep them on the farm. This ludicrous performance is simply one of the government's spending millions of dollars annually locating or creating better crops or livestock and devising improved production techniques, then spending additional millions to support partially even those numerous farmers who almost religiously refuse to have "any truck with them new-fangled ideas."

Since the government's primary income is from taxes, and since the nonagricultural consumer pays the major portion of these, it follows that he cannot possibly derive any economic benefit from the present pattern of government aid to farmers. He is, in effect, guilty of spending one set of dollars to guarantee that he will derive no economic benefit from another set more wisely invested. This double-payment system is not designed to effect benefits for the consumer—though it does produce a certain number of votes for politicians.

MARY RUTH BEESON
Dallas, Texas

Instructions to Reader Contributors

Theme: ***"What do you consider the greatest threat to our political freedom today?"***

1. All contributors should state the question to which the letter is in answer.
2. Letters should not exceed four hundred words.
3. Contributors are asked to print name, address, and occupation.
4. Contributions should be addressed to Reader Contributions, *The Reporter*, 220 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.
5. Contributions to be printed will be selected by The Editors.
6. Each contributor whose letter is printed will receive a check for $25.00.
7. All contributions, whether printed or not, will become the property of *The Reporter*.
8. All contributions on this issue's question must be postmarked not later than September 6, 1949.

Reader contributors are asked to follow instructions carefully in order to avoid confusion between contributions on the theme-question and regular Letters to the Editor.

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Letters

To The Reporter

'A Fair Thing'

To the Editor:—I'd like to compliment you on printing Mr. Paul Robeson's complete statement about loving Russia and America. Regardless of whether you agree or disagree with the man you did a fine and fair thing in correctly giving his complete statement instead of one sentence that might make other people wonder about Mr. Robeson.

Thank you for being fair.

AUDREY SCHWARTZ
Brookline, Massachusetts

Critique

To the Editor:—Because I am in basic sympathy with the aims of your magazine, because I believe such a magazine to be necessary in this country, and because I believe that its high aims will not be served if the magazine is read only by those few who have the leisure to wallow sympathetically through its pages seeking what gems of truly brilliant thinking and good reporting may be buried there, I am joining the list of those who write letters to the editor and intend to send you, from time to time, what criticism I may be moved to make. I will sign as below; my criticisms will be usually my own but also usually discussed with others, some professionals, some just readers, mainly the latter. So:

Your reader, your average reader or reader-to-be, is intelligent, but not omniscient. Presumably he is interested in all world or domestic problems which are important. Otherwise there would be no sense in his subscribing to a magazine which handles "themes". Likewise, he has no time to read the few big-city newspapers which cover the world, at least no time to read them from cover to cover every day.

Why not let your reader in on the secret of your theme, tell him what you are going to discuss, early in the magazine?

"Flavius," in your July 19 issue, is interesting, backed by good art. As a reader, however, I think I might resent somewhat the allusion to a "Richelieu complex," an allusion which might escape those who know more, say, of German or U. S. history than of the French. And as a reader I might also ask myself what the Council of Europe is (page twenty-four). It's so easy for Flavius to forget that many Americans find too many councils, too many world and European organizations, very confusing. There is one at Lake Success, another in London (or is it Brussels?), another in Geneva.

"The Tragedy of a Statesman"—must you begin articles with quotes? Once in a while, perhaps. This, unfortunately, is a good one, a good quote, so a bad example to tackle. So is the piece a good one.

"The Making of a Saint" is interesting too, and well written.

I'd like to see your editorial back inside the magazine where it won't frighten people away from *The Reporter* which, by its title, could do, and does do, an excellent job of reporting, not editorializing.

In your August 2 issue "The U.K.: A Middle Power?" is well done. Don't know who wrote it. But the next, "Can Britain Make It?", though signed by Graham Hutton who writes well elsewhere, isn't up to *Reporter* standards. Phrases are good. There are ideas. But the whole is flabby and limp, in real need of a good editor's black pencil. Let it not be said that *The Reporter* becomes overimpressed by names of contributors and permits them to do what *Reporter* writers do not do.

Canada piece not so hot. By the time the reader gets the first column he has so many questions in his head that he might well quit out of sheer boredom. Mr. St. Laurent's party plans to develop Canadian industry—okay—why drag in what this Mr. Taschereau did? Who was exporting Crown Lands pulpwood anyhow—the Crown? Out with that item. Out too with the Social Credit Party. If you bring up such a thing—say what it is. And what does CCF really stand for, since you mention the initials, none of which has an "S" for Socialist?

Lord Rosebery's Dream—wonderful, really wonderful. The kind of piece people clip out and save. One of my aides for this self-appointed job of criticizing *The Reporter* actually called me up the day the magazine appeared to tell me not to miss it.

WELL-WISHER
Washington

[*We thank you for your intelligent, friendly criticisms and hope to continue receiving them. But now that we have dropped the principle of anonymity, why don't you?*—EDITOR]

Informed Opinion

To the Editor:—Please let me say that I consider the magazine most attractive and the illustrations particularly interesting. Certainly this is needed in this present troubled world and an enlightened citizenry seems to me one of the key answers to a more stable future. I was thoroughly in agreement with President Truman's speech to the Shriners last week, in which he outlined the importance of an informed public opinion today, and its power in insuring the continuance of democratic governments.

PATTIE SHERWOOD SMITH
New York City

Dear Reader:

In this issue, we yield to your increasing protest against anonymity: From now on, staff-written articles will be signed with the writer's initials. We are using initials to differentiate such articles from those contributed from outside, which are signed with the authors' full names. Occasionally, however, a staff-written article is the result of such combined editorial discussion, research, and writing that it is impossible to credit it to any individual. Such articles will remain unsigned.

In this issue, "A Vote for Academic Freedom" was written for us by Harold Taylor, President of Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York; Sidney Alexander sent us his piece from Florence. Mr. Alexander is a poet and story writer, a winner of the Maxwell Anderson Award for his play "The Witches of Salem." Charles Wertenbaker is a newspaperman and novelist. All other outside contributors have appeared frequently in our pages.

The Editors

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